

Featuring

DICK COLE • EDISON BELL • SERGEANT SPOOK December

BLUE BOLT

10¢

BLUE
BOLT



Vol.3 No.7



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

LOOK! @ 102 Cash PRIZES!



PET-PEEVE
PETE
SAYS:

TURN THE
TABLES ON
TARGET
COMICS!

\$15.00
FIRST PRIZE

\$10.00 SECOND PRIZE!
100
OTHER PRIZES OF
\$1.00 EACH!

What are your "pet peeves" about TARGET Comics?

Now that the Editor is on his vacation, let's sit down at his desk and write them out for him to see when he gets back! Let's really shock him, and tell him the truth about his magazine—is there something you don't like about it and, if so, what would you suggest to correct it?

Do you have a pet peeve about SPACEHAWK?

Do you have a pet peeve about THE CHAMELEON??

Do you have a pet peeve about GULLIVER'S TRAVELS???

Do you have a pet peeve about AL. T. TUDE????

Do you have a pet peeve about ANY OTHER STRIP IN TARGET????

—OR about the STAMP PAGE?—OR the FICTION STORY?—OR the TARGETOONS???

COME ON GANG, LET'S BE REAL PEEVISH!

PET PEEVE PETE will pay you to be really peevish but first let's tell you what we mean by a peeve. It won't do any good to just tell the editor that you are peeved at something, you must tell him WHY you are peeved and suggest WHAT you want him to do about your peeve. If you are peeved about a story, do you want some other story that you like better in its place? In other words, tell PET PEEVE PETE WHAT YOU ARE PEEVED AT, WHY YOU ARE PEEVED, and HOW YOU WANT HIM TO REMEDY YOUR PEEVE. Just cut out the coupon at the bottom of the page, fill it in properly, and, on a separate sheet of paper, write YOUR PEEVE. PET PEEVE PETE will pay \$15.00 for the best letter sent in explaining WHY you are peeved and WHAT you want to do about it; \$10.00 for the second best letter sent in, and \$1.00 each for the next best ONE HUNDRED letters. If you have more than one PEEVE, send them all in together.

That's all there is to it! Now let's get to work, write your PEEVE or PEEVES in a letter and mail it in with the coupon below, or a reasonable facsimile of the coupon. Mail the letter and coupon to PET PEEVE PETE, TARGET Comics, 292 Madison Avenue, New York, New York. All letters must be postmarked not later than November 25, 1942.

PET PEEVE PETE will see to it that you get your PEEVE MONEY soon enough to buy that Christmas present you've got your eyes on!

MY PET PEEVE ABOUT TARGET COMICS

Here is a list of the features now running in TARGET COMICS. PET PEEVE PETE would like to know the feature or features you do not like. Just place a check mark in the small square in front of the feature or features you LIKE LEAST. Then write a letter telling WHY you do not like the feature and WHAT you would do to improve it, or suggest some other strip you would like to see in its place. Mail this coupon and your letter to PET PEEVE PETE, TARGET COMICS, 292 Madison Avenue, New York, New York, not later than November 25 and you may win one of the prizes.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Cadet | <input type="checkbox"/> 2 Page Fiction Story |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spacehawk | <input type="checkbox"/> The Chameleon |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Speck, Spot & Sis | <input type="checkbox"/> Gulliver's Travels |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Al. T. Tude | <input type="checkbox"/> Bull's Eye Bill |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Stamp Page | <input type="checkbox"/> The Target & Targeteers |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Targetoons |

NAME AGE

STREET

TOWN STATE

Print Your Name and Address Plainly.

In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. The judges' decisions are final and all letters become the property of TARGET COMICS.

DICK COLE

WONDER BOY!

THE HOCKEY SEASON HAS DESCENDED UPON FARR AND COLD, CRISP WEATHER PROVIDES AMPLE OPPORTUNITY TO TRAIN FOR THE COMING GAME WITH ROGER ACADEMY. HOWEVER, THE ENTRANCE OF A KIDNAPPER TO THE WINTRY SCENE PROVIDES A HOT TIME FOR ALL!

BOY, OH, BOY!
WHAT SPEED!

NICE GOING,
DICK!

GODD
WORK,
FELLA!

DICK CUTS
RIGHT THROUGH
THEIR DEFENSE!

WOW!
LOOK AT
THAT
SYSTEM!

SWELL TEAMWORK,
FELLAS!

WITH THOSE THREE
WORKING LIKE THAT
WE'RE A CINCH TO
WIN THE PREP TITLE,
COACH!

YOU SAID IT! ROGER
ACADEMY DOESN'T HAVE
A CHANCE WITH DICK, OBIE
WINTERS, AND SIMBA IN
THERE PITCHING!

AL FAGALY

BUT, MEANTIME, IN OBIE'S HOME TOWN--

HERE COMES
DA OL' GENT
NOW!

YEAH!
LET'S
GO!

YOU'RE OBIE WINTER'S
OL' MAN, AINCHA?

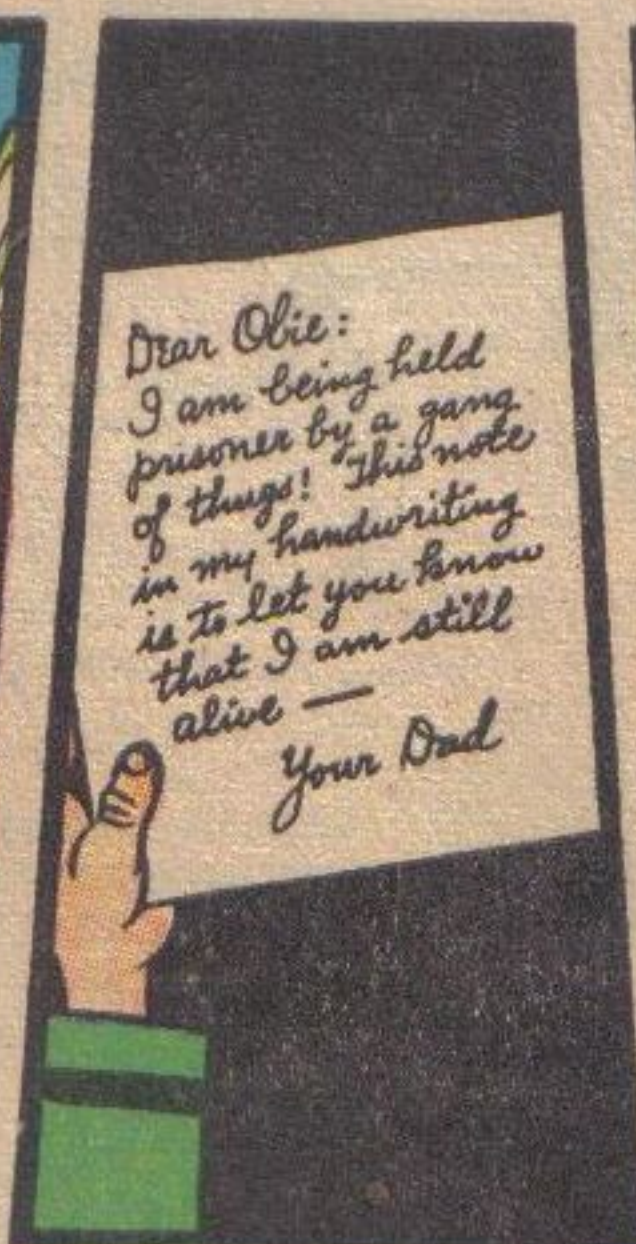
WHY, YES--
SAY, WHAT'S
THE IDEA?

YOU'LL
FIND OUT
SOON
ENOUGH!

BUT I'M A
POOR MAN!
YOU CAN'T
HOLD ME FOR
RANSOM!

WE AIN'T, POPS!
WE GOT A SWEET
RACKET ORGANIZED
ON PREP SCHOOL
GAMES!

YEAH! YOU'RE
GONNA MAKE IT A
CINCH FOR FARR
T'LOSE-- SEE?



THAT NIGHT AT ELEVEN--

I'LL HAVE TO **PLAY BALL** WITH THAT GUY FOR A WHILE UNTIL I FIGURE A WAY TO **BEAT** HIS GAME!



OH! SO DERE YA ARE! GOOD T'ING FER YER OL' MAN YA SHOWED UP! DID YA SWIPE SOMETHIN' FROM COLE LIKE I TOLD YA TO?

Y-YES! HIS WALLET!



MAJDR FARR'S OFFICE IS IN HERE, AIN'T IT? YOUSE STAND GUARD HERE AN' GIMME A WHISTLE IF ANYONE SHOWS UP, UNDERSTAND?

Y-Y-- YES, SIR!



SECONDS LATER... EXPERT FINGERS PICK THE LOCK OF THE MAJOR'S OFFICE!



NOW FER DEM EXAMS -- HE SAID DEY'D BE -- AH! HERE DEY ARE!



AN' NOW TO LEAVE DIS CALLING CARD -- AN' DICK COLE'S NAME!



D-DID YOU GET THE EXAM QUESTIONS?

SURE! I GOT 'EM! NOW COME ON, YOUSE! TAKE ME TO COLE'S BARRACK'S BEFORE I SMACK YA AROUND!



UP THERE--! DICK'S ROOM'S UP ON THE SECOND FLOOR!

OKAY, PUNK! NOW YOUSE TAKE DA PAPERS! I'M GOIN' TO TURN IN A FIRE ALARM! WHEN DA PUNKS START COMIN' OUT, YOUSE SNEAK UP AN' PLANT DESE ON HIS DESK! GET IT?



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER--THE SHRILL SHRIEK OF THE FIRE-ALARM!



MEANTIME, IN DICK'S ROOM...

THE FIRE ALARM! IT MUST BE THE MCCOY OR THEY WOULDN'T RING IT THE NIGHT BEFORE THE EXAMS!

EE-EE-EEEE EE



I THINK I'D BETTER GO DOWN THE BACK STAIRS AND MAKE SURE THE REAR EXIT IS UNLOCKED!



WELL, I GUESS... HEY! WHO'S THAT? STOP!

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER MAKES A DASH FOR IT-- WITH DICK IN HOT PURSUIT!

I'M AFRAID HE'S GOT TOO BIG A START! I'LL HAVE TO CATCH HIM BEFORE HE GETS TO THE WOODS --OR ELSE!

AS DICK CHASES THE STRANGER, OBIE SNEAKS INTO HIS ROOM! ---

I HATE TO PLANT THESE EXAM QUESTIONS ON YOU, DICK, BUT I'LL THINK OF A WAY TO CLEAR YOU LATER! I'VE GOT TO STALL FOR TIME-- FOR DAD'S SAKE!



WHERE THE HECK HAVE YOU BEEN, OBIE?

I WAS JUST---

PIPE DOWN, YOU GUYS! SNAP TO ATTENTION! HERE COMES MAJOR FARR!



FALSE ALARM! WOW!

NO, SIR!

AT EASE, GENTLEMEN! DOES ANYONE KNOW WHY THAT FALSE ALARM WAS TURNED IN?

HMM! I SEE! WELL, SEVERAL STRANGE THINGS ARE GOING ON AROUND HERE, TONIGHT. I JUST DROPPED IN TO MY OFFICE TO MAKE SOME LAST-MINUTE CHANGES ON THE EXAM QUESTIONS! THOSE PAPERS ARE GONE!



CADET COLE IS MISSING! I'LL GO UP TO HIS QUARTERS TO SEE IF HE'S THERE!

MEANWHILE, DICK LOSES HIS QUARRY IN THE WOODS!

GOT AWAY! WHO COULD THAT GUY BE? GUESS I'D BETTER GET BACK TO BARRACKS AND SEE WHAT THE ALARM WAS ALL ABOUT!



IN DICK'S EMPTY QUARTERS..

HMM! WHAT'S THIS? THE EXAM QUESTIONS! IF I HADN'T SEEN THEM, I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT OF COLE! BUT THEN HIS WALLET WAS IN MY OFFICE TONIGHT!



CADET COLE IS ABSENT FROM HIS QUARTERS! ANYONE KNOW WHERE ---

HERE HE COMES, NOW!



CADET COLE, HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THESE PAPERS BEFORE?

WHAT ARE THEY? -- OH!.. EXAM QUESTIONS? NO, SIR! I HAVEN'T!



THAT'S MOST UNUSUAL! I FOUND THESE PAPERS ON YOUR DESK JUST FIVE MINUTES AGO!



BUT-- SIR-- I-- FURTHERMORE, THESE PAPERS WERE STOLEN FROM MY OFFICE TONIGHT --AND I FOUND THIS WALLET ON THE FLOOR! DO YOU RECOGNIZE IT?



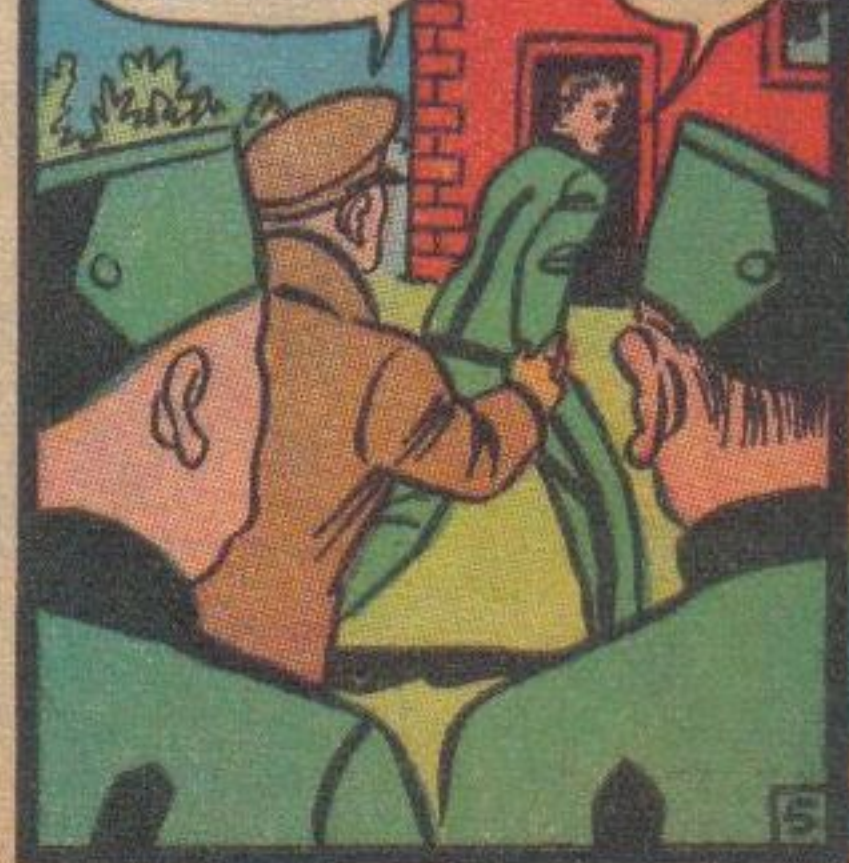
WHY, YES, SIR! I DO RECOGNIZE IT! IT'S MINE! BUT---

CADET COLE, YOU WILL PLEASE RETURN TO QUARTERS AND REMAIN THERE!



THE BOARD WILL MEET TO TRY YOU TOMORROW! YOU CAN'T PLAY IN THE GAME. YOU ARE TO REMAIN IN YOUR QUARTERS UNTIL SUMMONED FOR TRIAL!

YES, SIR!



I STILL CAN'T FIGURE IT!
WHY SHOULD ANYBODY
WANT TO FRAME
ME LIKE THAT!



THE NEXT MORNING FINDS
DICK ALONE IN HIS ROOM...
BLUE... DISHEARTENED!

MEANWHILE, ON THE FARR CAMPUS...

WE SURE MADE DESE
SMALL PREP GAMES
INTO A BIG-TIME
BETTIN' RACKET,
BOSS!

SHUT UP,
BIGGIE! HERE
COMES TH' FARR
TEAM! I GOTTA
SLIP DAT WINTERS
PUNK ANOTHER
REMINDER TO KEEP
HIS TRAP SHUT!



GOSH! I DON'T
BELIEVE DICK
WOULD DO A
THING
LIKE THAT!

OF COURSE
HE DIDN'T!
SOME SKUNK
FRAMED
HIM!



YEAH! LET'S
DROP IN AND
TELL HIM WE'RE
FOR HIM!

UNSEEN BY THE OTHERS,
THE GANGSTERS SLIP
OBIE A NOTE ---

JUST KEEP WALKIN' AS
THOUGH NOTHIN'
HAPPENED,
BUD!

OH--
UH,
YEAH!



HIYA,
DICK!

HOW'S
THE
BOY?



HELLO, FELLOWS!
GOSH! IT'S NICE OF
YOU TO STOP IN!

WE JUST DROPPED IN TO LET YOU
KNOW WE THINK YOU'RE BEING
RAILROADED! WE'LL FIND THE
GUY THAT DID THIS
AND PROVE YOU'RE
INNOCENT!

YEAH,
DICK!



THANKS, FELLOWS!
BUT I'M SURE GOING TO
MISS BEING IN THE
CHAMPIONSHIP GAME TODAY!

WELL, WE GOTTA
BE GETTING OVER TO
THE RINK! C'MON,
GANG!

SO LONG,
DICK!

WE'LL DO
OUR BEST TO
WIN WITHOUT
YOU, DICK!

GOOD LUCK, OBIE!
I'LL KEEP MY
FINGERS
CROSSED!

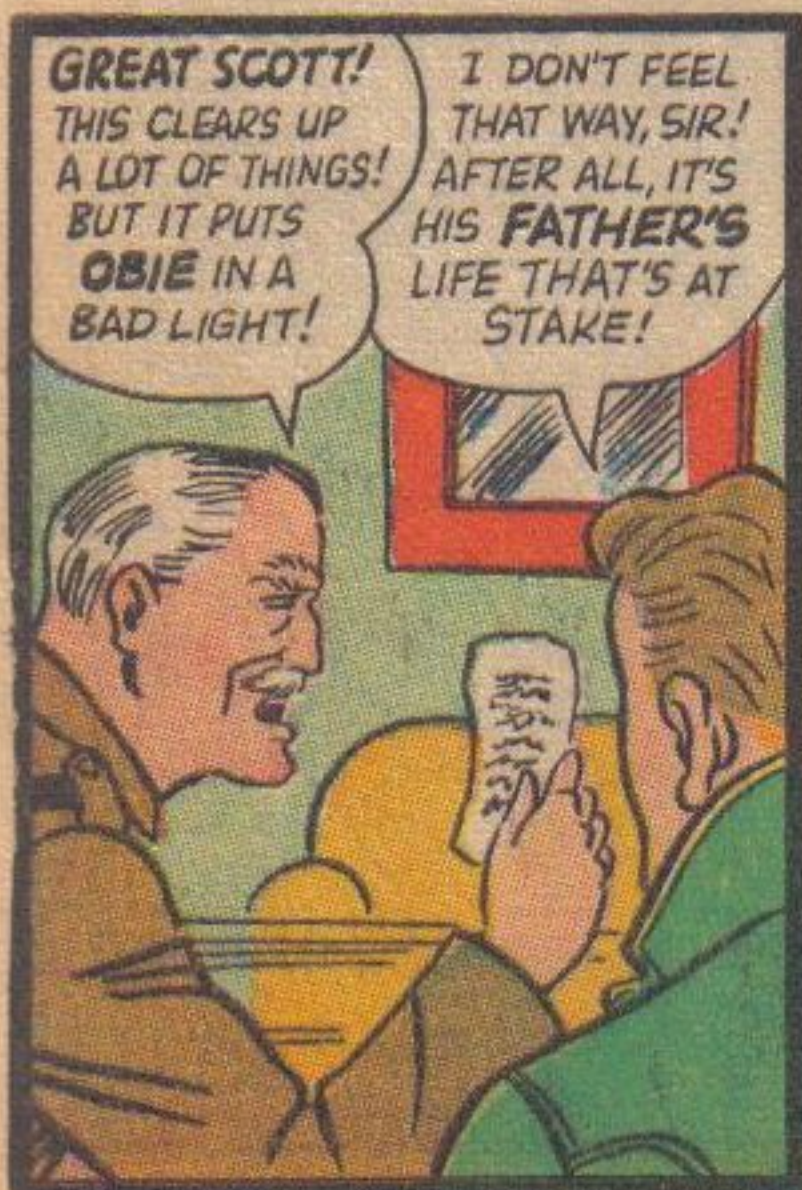
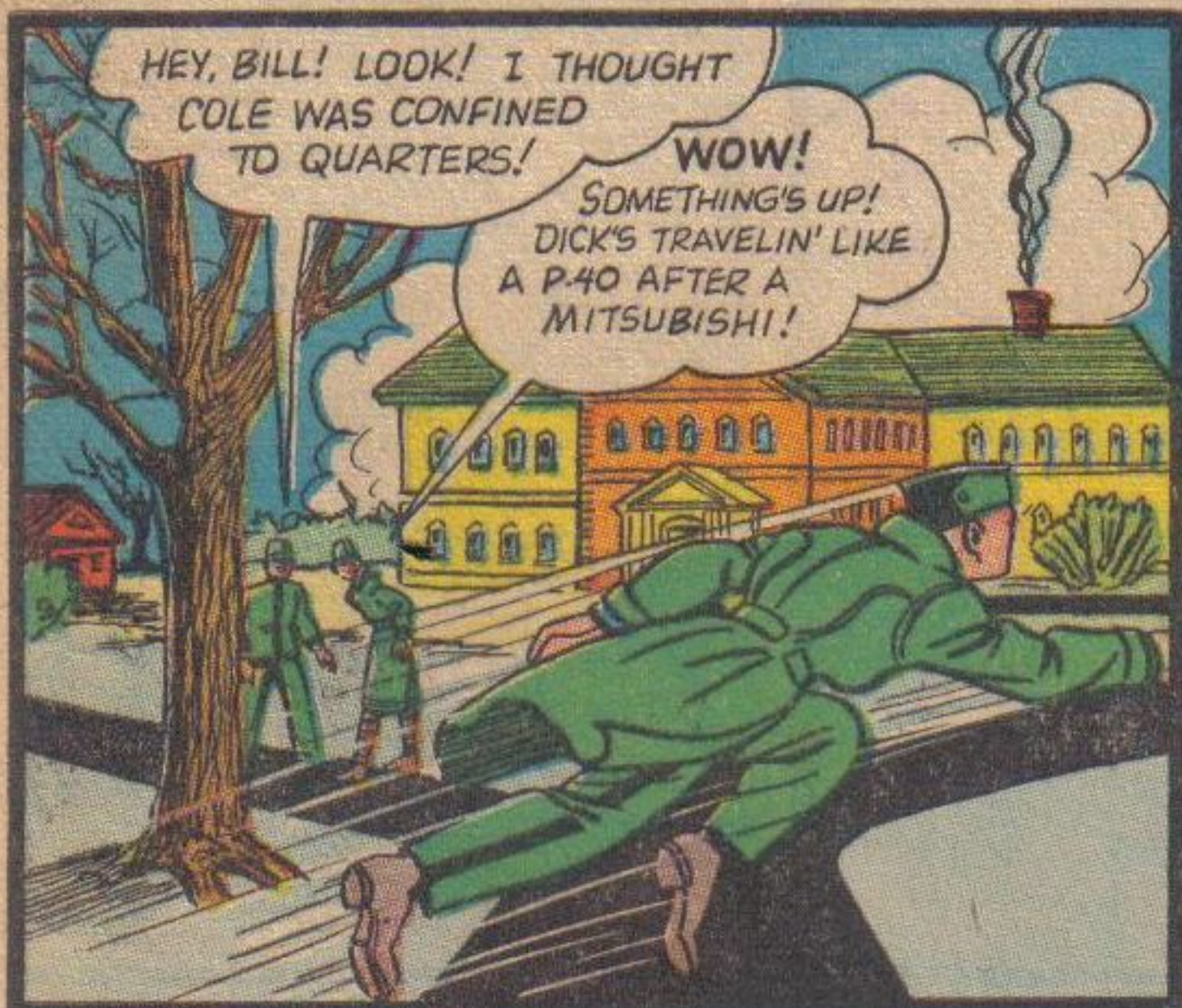
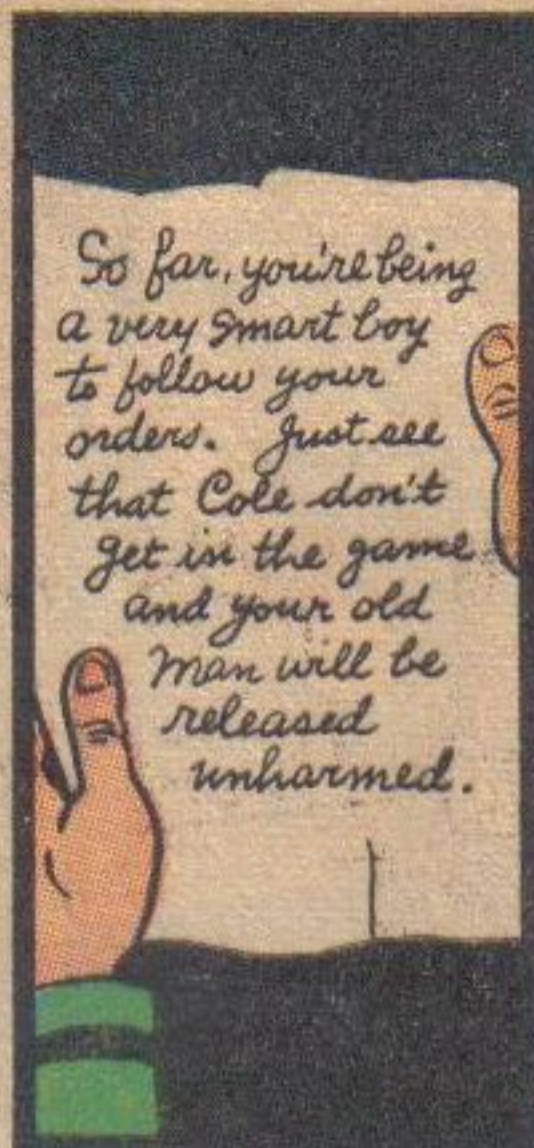


--JUST BEFORE OBIE
CLOSES THE DOOR,
THE NOTE FLUTTERS
TO THE FLOOR!

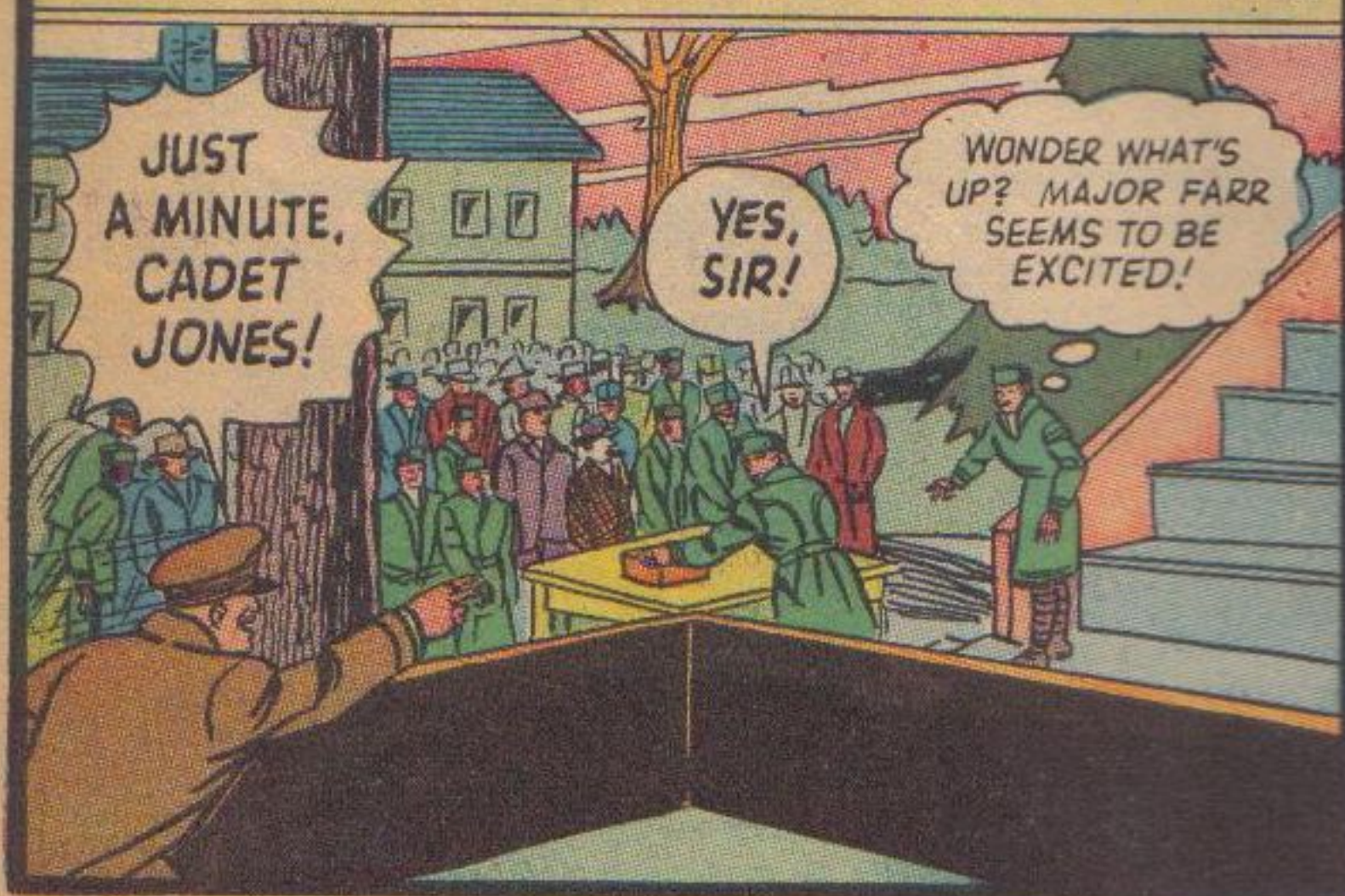


GOSH, I'D LIKE TO BE PLAYING
TODAY! I--HM! LOOKS LIKE
ONE OF THE FELLOWS DROPPED
A PIECE OF PAPER! BETTER
SEE WHAT IT IS! MIGHT
BE IMPORTANT!





LATER -- AS THE CROWD OF SPECTATORS APPROACH THE RINK! ...



JUST A MINUTE, CADET JONES!

YES, SIR!

WONDER WHAT'S UP? MAJOR FARR SEEMS TO BE EXCITED!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE! FOR JUST A MOMENT! ... IT HAS BEEN REPORTED THAT SOME SMALL-TIME CROOKS HAVE PRINTED AND SOLD SOME COUNTERFEIT TICKETS! SO PLEASE SIGN YOUR NAMES HERE AS YOU GO IN, AND IF YOU HAVE A COUNTERFEIT TICKET, YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED!



DAT'S A HOT ONE, BOSS! SOME PUNK'S TRYIN' TO CUT IN A FEW NICKELS OFF PHONEY TICKETS!

YEAH! DEM SMALL-TIMERS ARE GOIN' TO A LOTTA TROUBLE FER CHICKEN FEED! WE STAND TO MAKE A HUNDRED GEES JUST BY KEEPIN' DAT COLE PUNK OUTA DA GAME! HAW! SIGN UP AN' COME ON!



MAJOR FARR GLANCES AT THE SIGNED PAPER -- THEN ---

CADETS RICE AND BROWN! FOLLOW THOSE MEN! THE HANDWRITING OF ONE OF THEM CHECKS WITH THAT OF THE NOTE DICK FOUND!

YES, SIR!



INSIDE THE STANDS...

SOFT PICKINS, EH, BOSS!

YEAH! WE'RE DA ONLY GUYS AT DIS RINK WHO KNOWS WHO'S GONNA WIN DIS GAME! IT'S IN DA BAG, BIGGIE!



SUDDENLY, THE TWO COMPETING TEAMS SKATE OUT ONTO THE ICE!

YAA-A-AY! TEAM!

COLE'S NOT WIT DEM, BOSS. I GUESS OBIE PLAYED IT SMART AN' DID WOT HE WAS TOLD!

RAY-Y FARR-R!

YEH!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT A LONE FIGURE WHIZZES ACROSS THE ICE TO JOIN THE FARR TEAM!

YEAH! DICK!

ATTABOY, COLE!

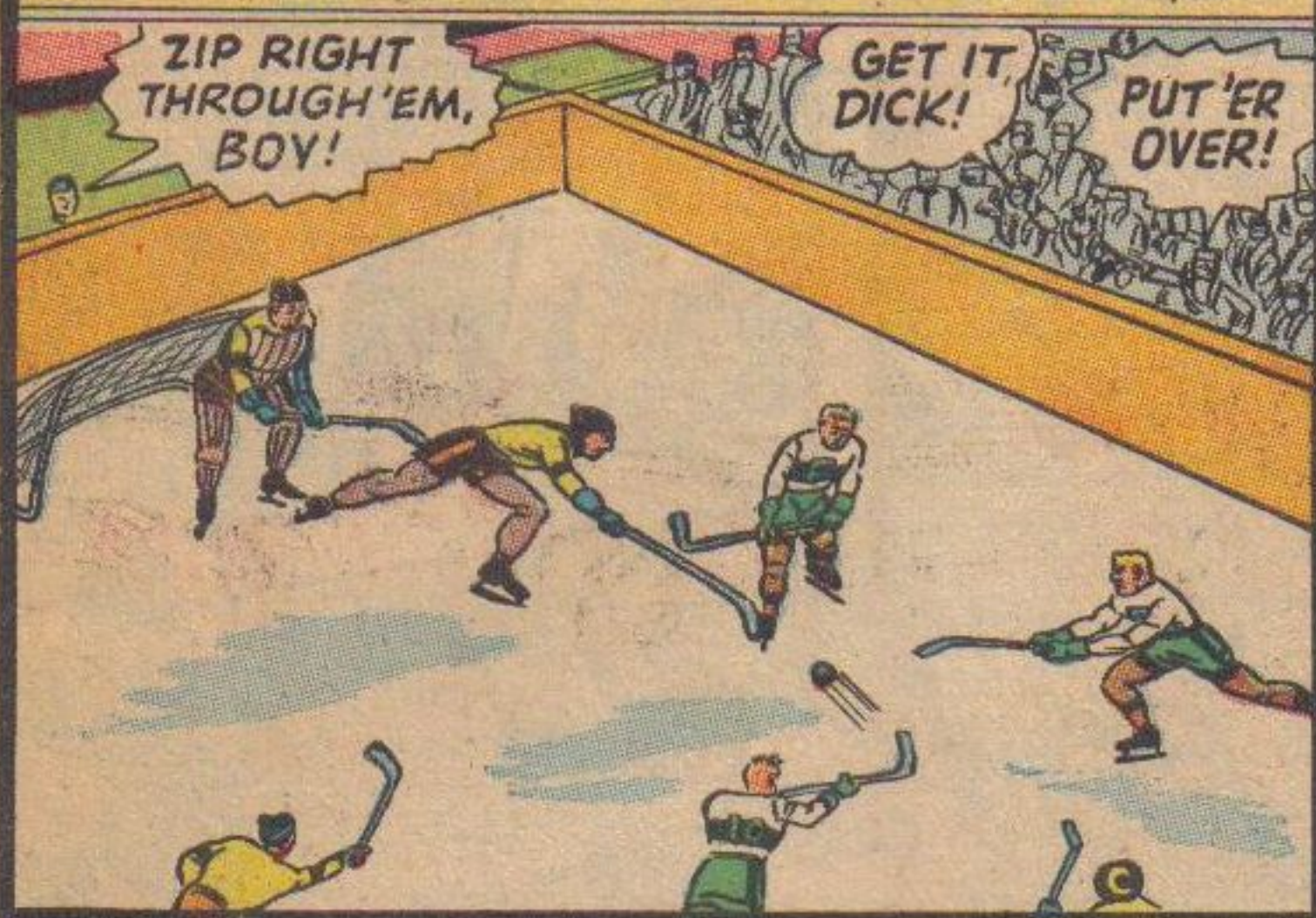


HEY! HOWDYA LIKE DAT, BOSS? I WONDER IF THAT WINTERS PUNK IS TRYIN' TO CROSS US UP!

NAW! HE WOULDN'T DARE! KEEP YER TRAP SHUT! WE'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



THE GAME STARTS WITH A RUSH!--OBIE PASSES THE PUCK TO DICK, BUT--



ZIP RIGHT THROUGH 'EM, BOY!

GET IT, DICK!

PUT 'ER OVER!

--A ROGER MAN INTERCEPTS IT AND SCORES A QUICK POINT! ROGER LEADS--1-0!



HE'S GETTING AWAY, GANG!

CATCH THAT GUY!

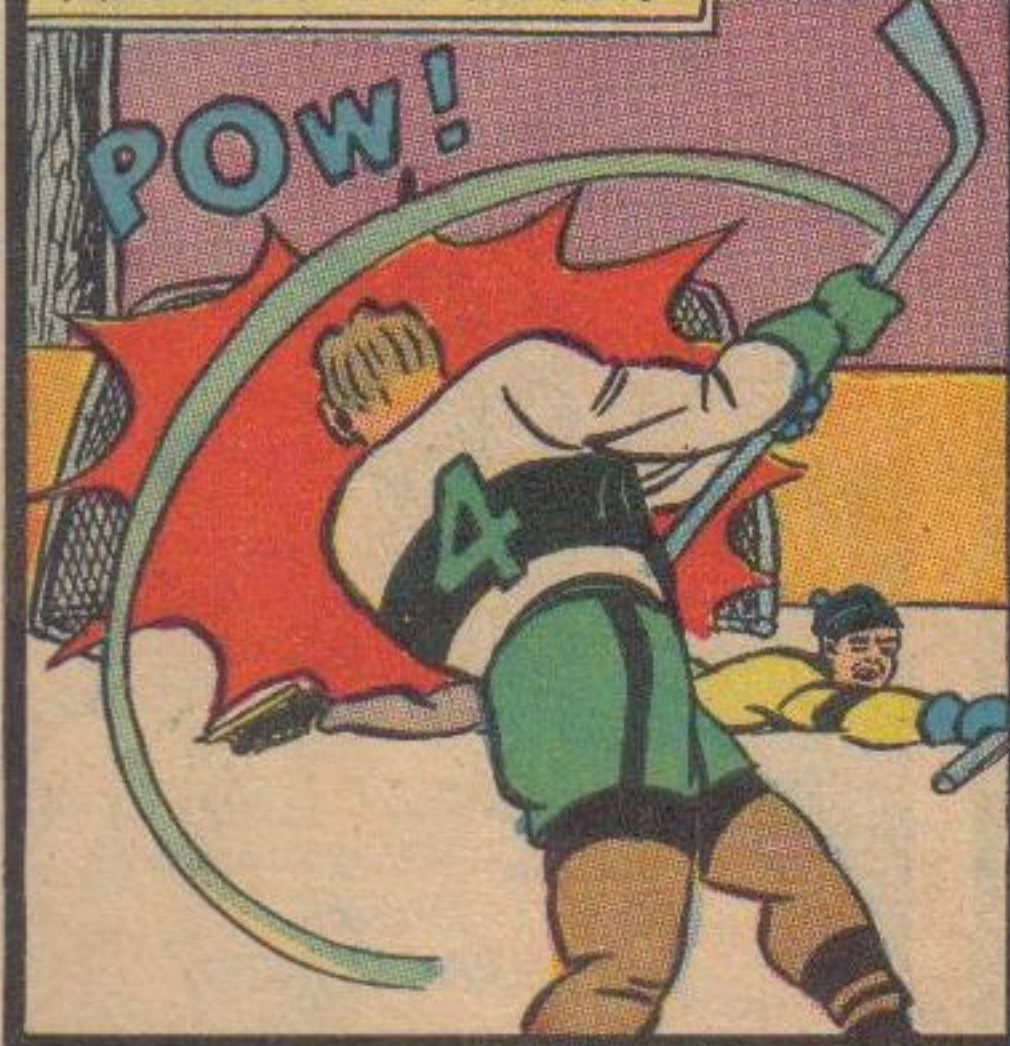
BANG!



SEE?

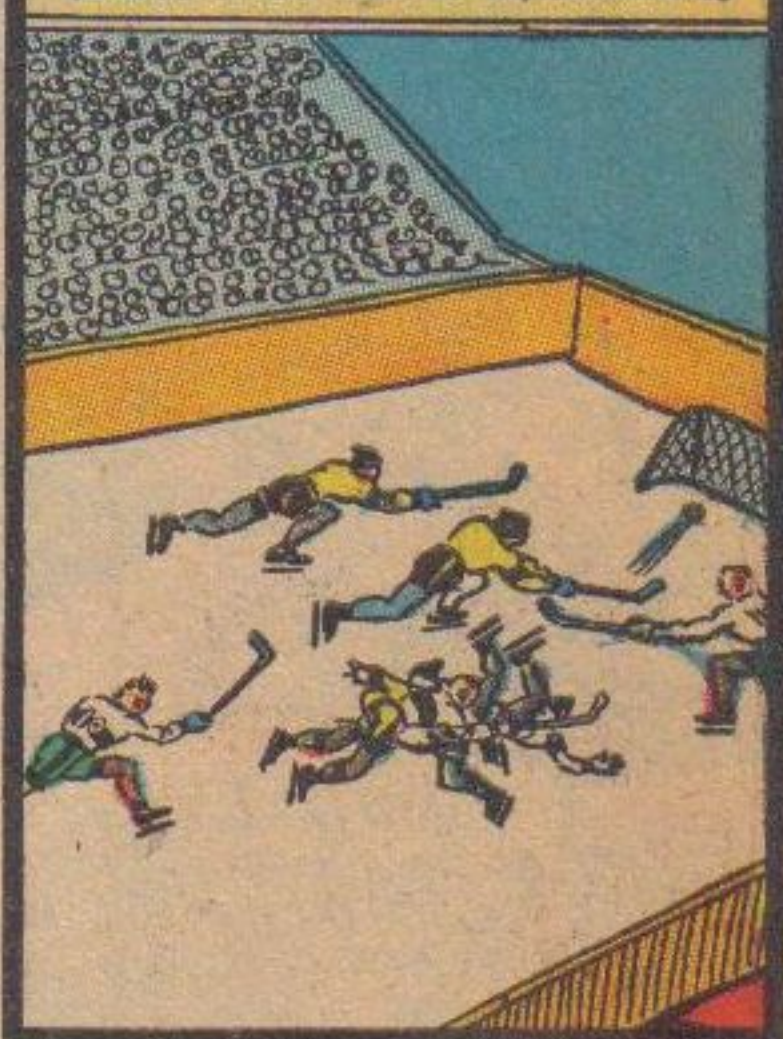
WHAT'D I TELL YOU? WINTERS WOULDN'T DARE GIVE US DA DOUBLE-CROSS! HE COULDN'T KEEP COLE OUTA DA GAME "SO HE'S T'ROWIN' IT!

BUT, MOMENTS LATER, DICK, SIMBA, AND OBIE CLICK BEAUTIFULLY! DICK SHOOTS A TYING POINT INTO THE NET!

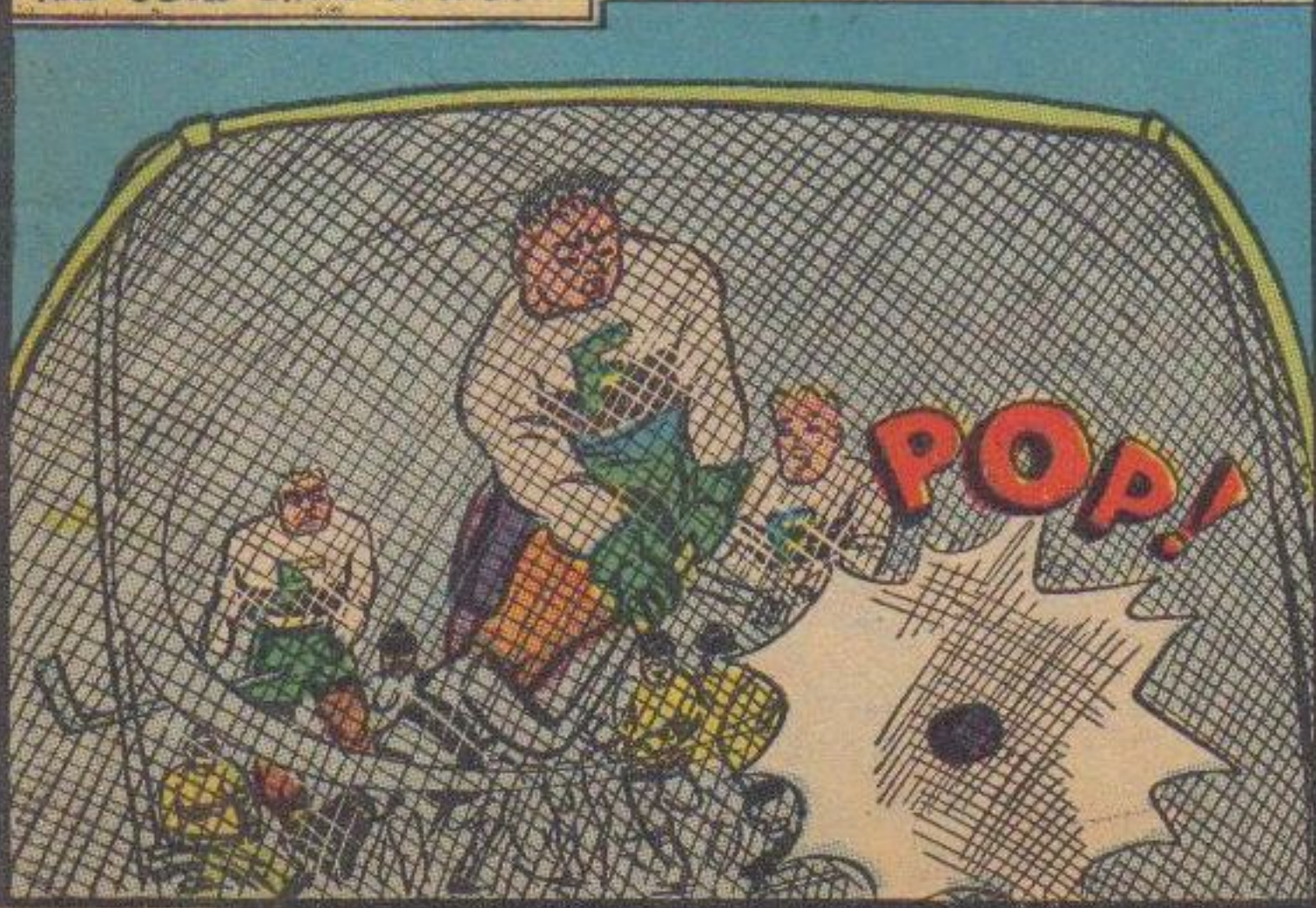


POW!

--BUT ROGER ACADEMY SLIPS OVER ANOTHER GOAL TO LEAD! THE RACKETEERS' HOPES SOAR AGAIN!



SUDDENLY THE TERRIFIC TRIO SLIPS THROUGH ROGER'S DEFENSES AND OBIE SINKS A SHOT!



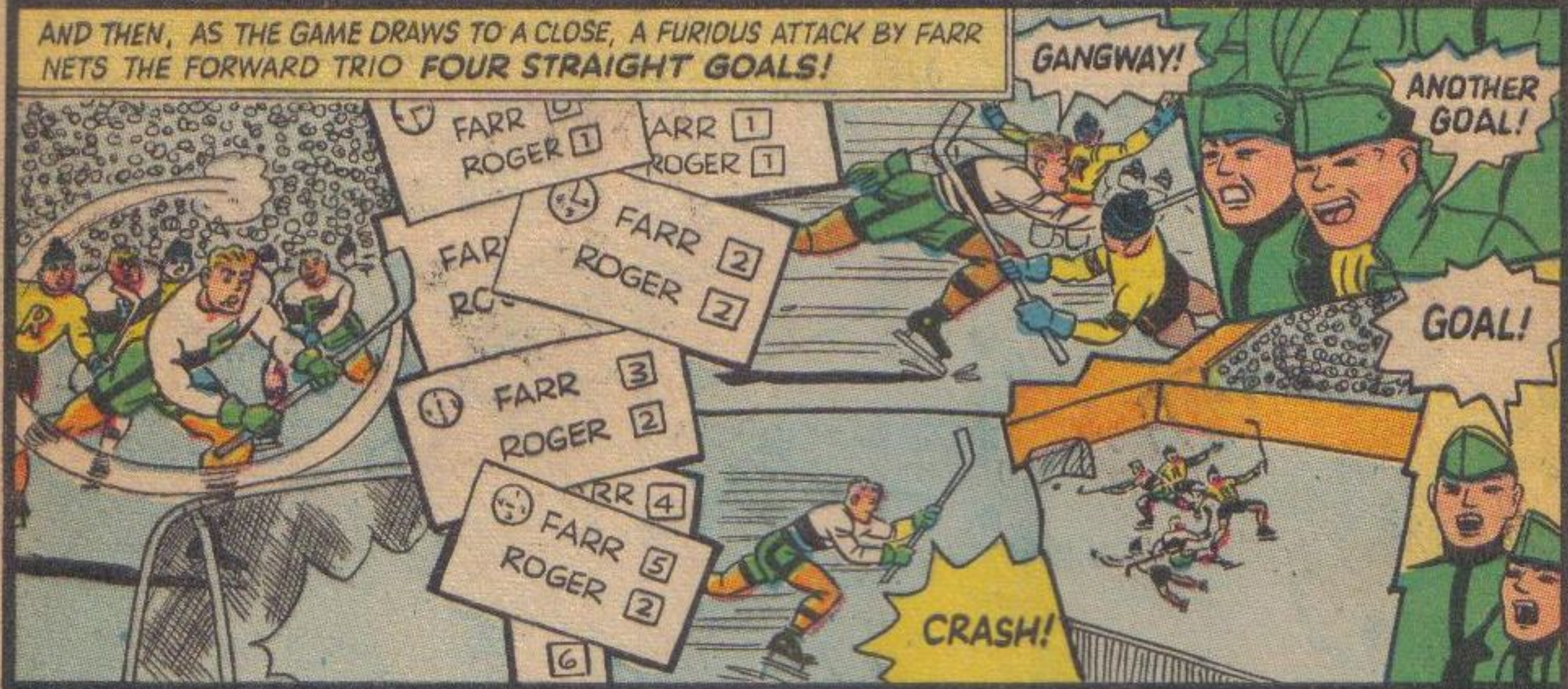
POP!

DIDJA SEE DAT? DAT PUNK WINTERS SHOT DAT ONE! I TELL YOU HE'S GIVIN' US DA OL' CROSS, CHIEF!

SIT DOWN, YA BIG LUG! DA KID HASTA MAKE IT LOOK CLOSE, DON'T HE? WAIT AN' SEE WOT HAPPENS!



AND THEN, AS THE GAME DRAWS TO A CLOSE, A FURIOUS ATTACK BY FARR NETS THE FORWARD TRIO FOUR STRAIGHT GOALS!



OKAY! DAT'S DA LAST STRAW! DA GAME'S ALMOST OVER! ROGER CAN'T WIN!



NOT REALIZING THE SEATS BEHIND THEM HAVE BEEN CONSTANTLY FILLING WITH FARR CADETS, THE GANGSTERS TURN TO FACE A WALL OF GREEN!



DESE RODS'LL TELL WHO'S DA TOUGH GUYS AROUND HERE! GIT DEM MITS UP IN DA AIR! YOU TIN-HORN SOLDIERS!



AT THAT INSTANT THE REFEREE'S GUN GOES OFF -- AND THE GAME IS OVER!



A SPLIT-SECOND LATER, THREE RACING FIGURES ZIP ACROSS THE ICE TOWARD THE STANDS!

COME ON, BOYS!

WE'RE WITH YOU, DICK!

--THEN, THREE STREAMLINED FORMS HURTLE THROUGH THE AIR -- STRAIGHT FOR THE RACKETEERS!

ONE SIDE! ONE SIDE!

MOVE!

WHAT TH--!

OOF!

CRASH!

NOW WE CAN TALK ABOUT SOMETHING IMPORTANT!

YI! MY (ULP) NECK!

YOU HADDA KEEP STICKIN' AROUND T'SEE WHAT WOULD HAPPEN --NOW YA KNOW!

ALL RIGHT, YOU MUGS! WHERE'VE YOU GOT MY DAD? TELL ME THE TRUTH, AND MAKE IT SNAPPY, OR--

--OR WE'LL SAVE LEATHER BY USING YOUR FACES FOR PUNCHING BAGS!

DON'T TELL, BOSS! WE--

I AIN'T GONNA BE NO PUNCHIN' BAG FER DESE LUNATICS! HE'S IN A SHACK TEN MILES OFF DA STATE ROAD OUTSIDE OF CRETESVILLE!

TAKE CARE OF OUR GUESTS, FELLOWS!

YEAH! KEEP 'EM ON ICE TILL WE GET BACK! WE'VE GOT BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF!

JUST A MINUTE, BOYS!

COME ON, DICK! LET'S FIND MY POP!

I THINK THIS IS A CASE FOR THE POLICE, CADETS!

YES, SIR! BUT FIRST WE'RE GOING AFTER THE REST OF THE MOB, MAJOR FARR, IF IT'S OKAY WITH YOU!

OH, WELL, ALL RIGHT!

AS NIGHT FALLS -- OUTSIDE OF THE GANG'S HIDEOUT...

THERE THEY ARE, DICK!

THERE'S MY DAD! THEY'VE GOT HIM ALL BOUND UP!

--BUT NOT FOR LONG!

OBIE, YOU GO AROUND TO THE BACK! SIMBA TO THE FRONT! I'M GOING IN HERE! BUT WAIT FOR MY SIGNAL!

DAT GAME SHOULD'VE BEEN OVER BY NOW! WE OUGHTA HEAR FROM DA BOSS ANY MINUTE!

YEH! AN' IF DIS GUY'S BRAT DIDN'T FOLLOW ORDERS, IT'S GONNA BE TOO BAD FER HIM!

AT THAT SECOND, A SHRILL WHISTLE CUTS THROUGH THE QUIET OF THE NIGHT!

TWEEEEEEEEEEET!

CRASH!

HEY! WHAT TH--!

LOOK OUT!

TOO LATE FOR THAT, BUDDY!

HIT 'EM HIGH! HIT 'EM LOW!

YEAH, TEAM! THIS IS OUR SHOW!

OW!

BANG!

SOCK!

IT WAS OUR SHOW! THE CURTAIN'S GOING DOWN FOR THIS BABY!

THANK HEAVEN, YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, SON! BUT HOW'D YOU EVER FIND ME?

--TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT AFTER WE TURN THESE CROOKS OVER TO THE POLICE!

LATER -- BACK AT FARR ACADEMY!

CUSHLAMACREE! YA MEAN TO TELL ME WITH A STRAIGHT FACE THAT THESE KIDS ROUNDED UP THAT GANG SINGLE-HANDED!

THAT'S RIGHT, OFFICER! DICK COLE AND HIS PALS TURNED THE TRICK!

SORRY I HAD TO PUT YOU ON THE SPOT, DICK!

THAT'S OKAY, OBIE! BUT IT'S A LUCKY THING YOU DROPPED THAT NOTE IN MY ROOM!

WHAT D'YA MEAN, LUCKY? I DROPPED THAT NOTE IN YOUR ROOM ON PURPOSE TO TIP YOU OFF! WHAT D'YA THINK I AM, A DOPE?

WHAT! WELL, I'LL BE--!

What You Buy With **WAR BONDS**

The amphibian tank or tractor is a product of modern warfare and its function is to convey supplies and reserve troops from transports to the battle scene after the initial force has established a beach head or base of operations ashore. The tractor's ability to navigate from land to water obviates the necessity for transshipment of supplies at the water's edge, a process formerly involving great risk of life and equipment loss.



Amphibian tanks in some cases may be used as an assault weapon where rivers or streams must be crossed on the battle field. It is heavily armored, carries a complement of guns and costs approximately \$50,000. Our Army and Marine Corps is using these new war implements and needs hundreds of them. Buy War Bonds every pay day and you can help pay for them. Help your community top its War Bond Quota. U. S. Treasury Department

DICK COLE
WILL BE BACK IN THE
NEXT **BLUE BOLT**

SUB-ZERO



AS **SUB-ZERO** AND FREEZUM CATCH UP ON THE CURRENT NEWS...

THAT'S A SHAME ABOUT DONALD MEADE, THE PARK COMMISSIONER BEING INDICTED FOR SELLING CITY BUILDING MATERIAL TO PRIVATE CONTRACTORS FOR HIS OWN PROFIT. WHAT'S MORE, HE'S SKIPPED TOWN!

YES—HIM **NOT** FOUND YET! WONDER WHERE HIM HIDEUM?

MORNING BUGLE
POLITICIAN INDICTED

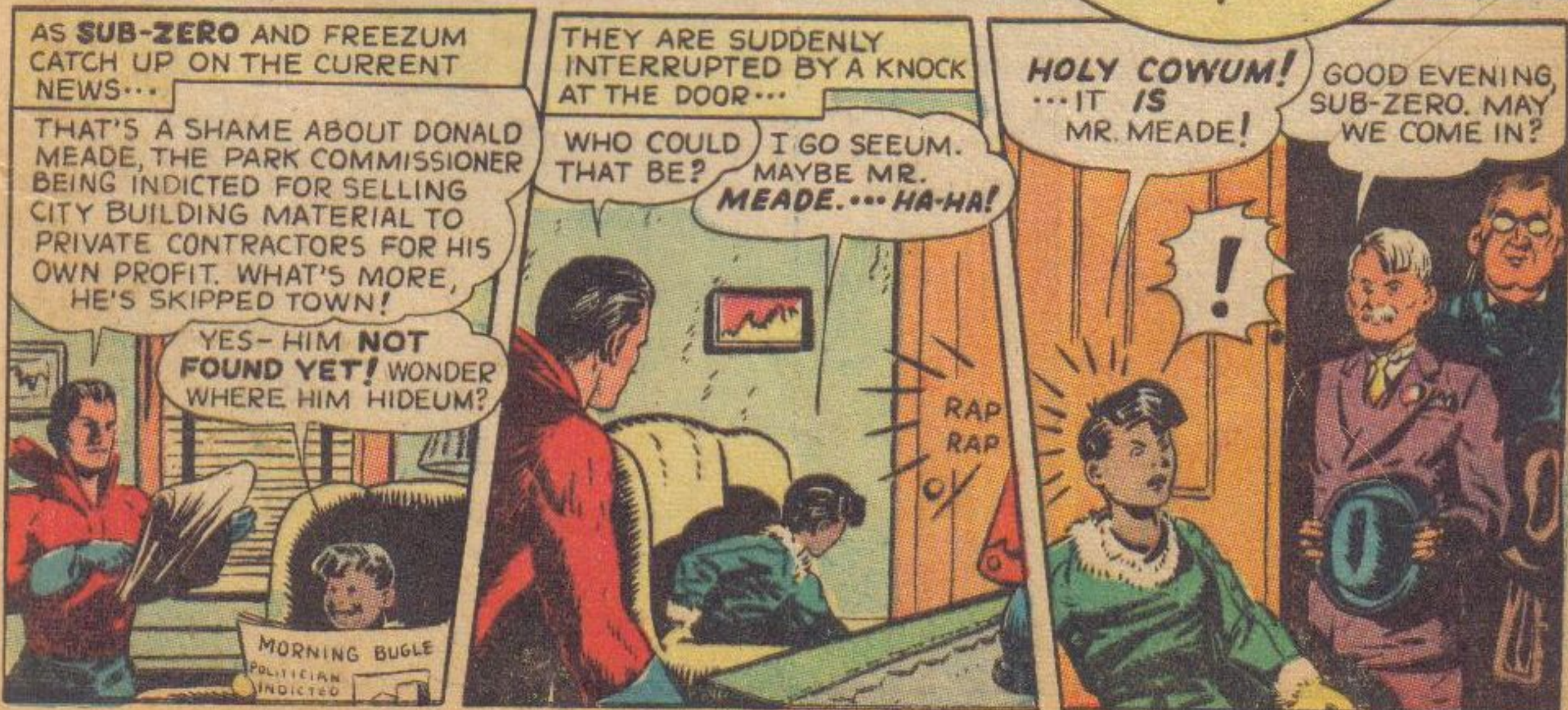
THEY ARE SUDDENLY INTERRUPTED BY A KNOCK AT THE DOOR...

WHO COULD THAT BE?

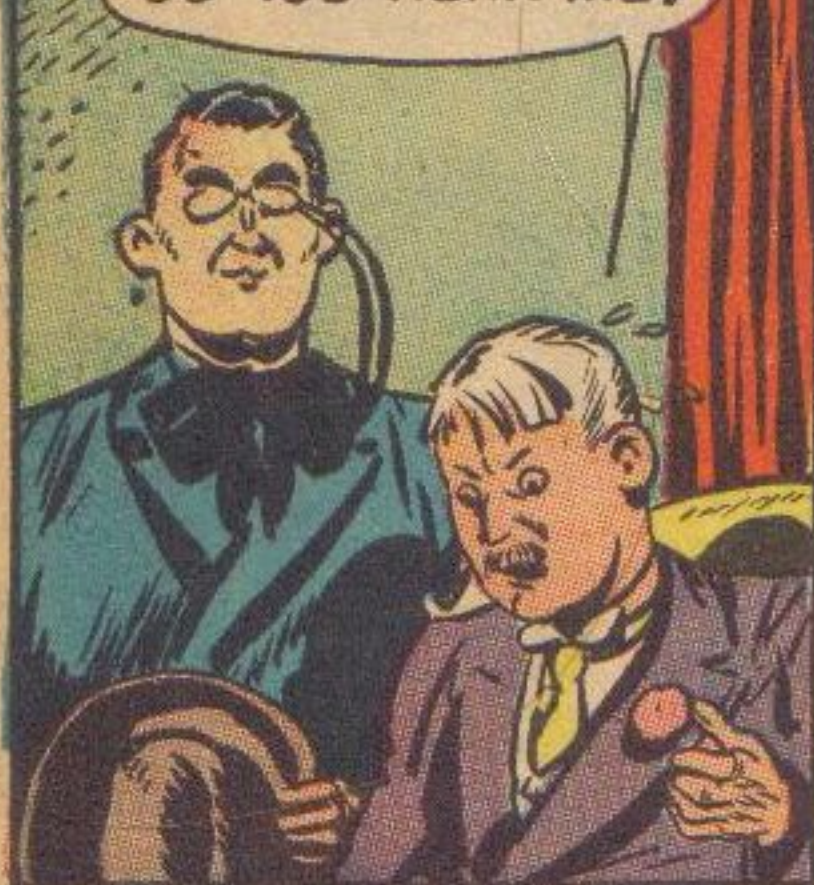
I GO SEEUM. MAYBE MR. MEADE... HA-HA!

HOLY COWUM! ...IT IS MR. MEADE!

GOOD EVENING, SUB-ZERO. MAY WE COME IN?



I HAD TO COME, SUB-ZERO!
YOU'VE DONE SO MUCH FOR THE
CITY, AND YOU'RE THE ONLY
ONE WHO CAN HELP ME. I'M
INNOCENT OF THESE CHARGES,
SUB-ZERO! **INNOCENT-
DO YOU HEAR ME?**



I'D LIKE TO BELIEVE YOU,
MR. MEADE, BUT HOW CAN YOU
PROVE IT?



HOW? THAT'S WHAT I CAN'T DO!
WHOEVER FRAMED ME HAD
PLENTY OF PAPERS WITH MY
SIGNATURES ON THEM... MY
SECRETARY, MR. PRICE, HERE,
WILL VERIFY THAT.



YES SIR. EVEN THE
NEWSPAPERS
SAY THAT.

HMMM! LOOKS LIKE A TIGHT
CASE AGAINST YOU, MR. MEADE...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!



ME, TOO!

I'VE WORKED WITH MR. MEADE
FOR SEVEN YEARS, AND HANDLED
ALL HIS BUSINESS. I CAN'T
UNDERSTAND IT- IT'S
INCREDIBLE!



IT DOES SEEM
QUEER!

NERVOUSLY, MEADE JUMPS TO
HIS FEET AND EXCUSES HIM-
SELF. LATER, FREEZUM'S EYES
WANDER TO THE ROOM MEADE
ENTERED.

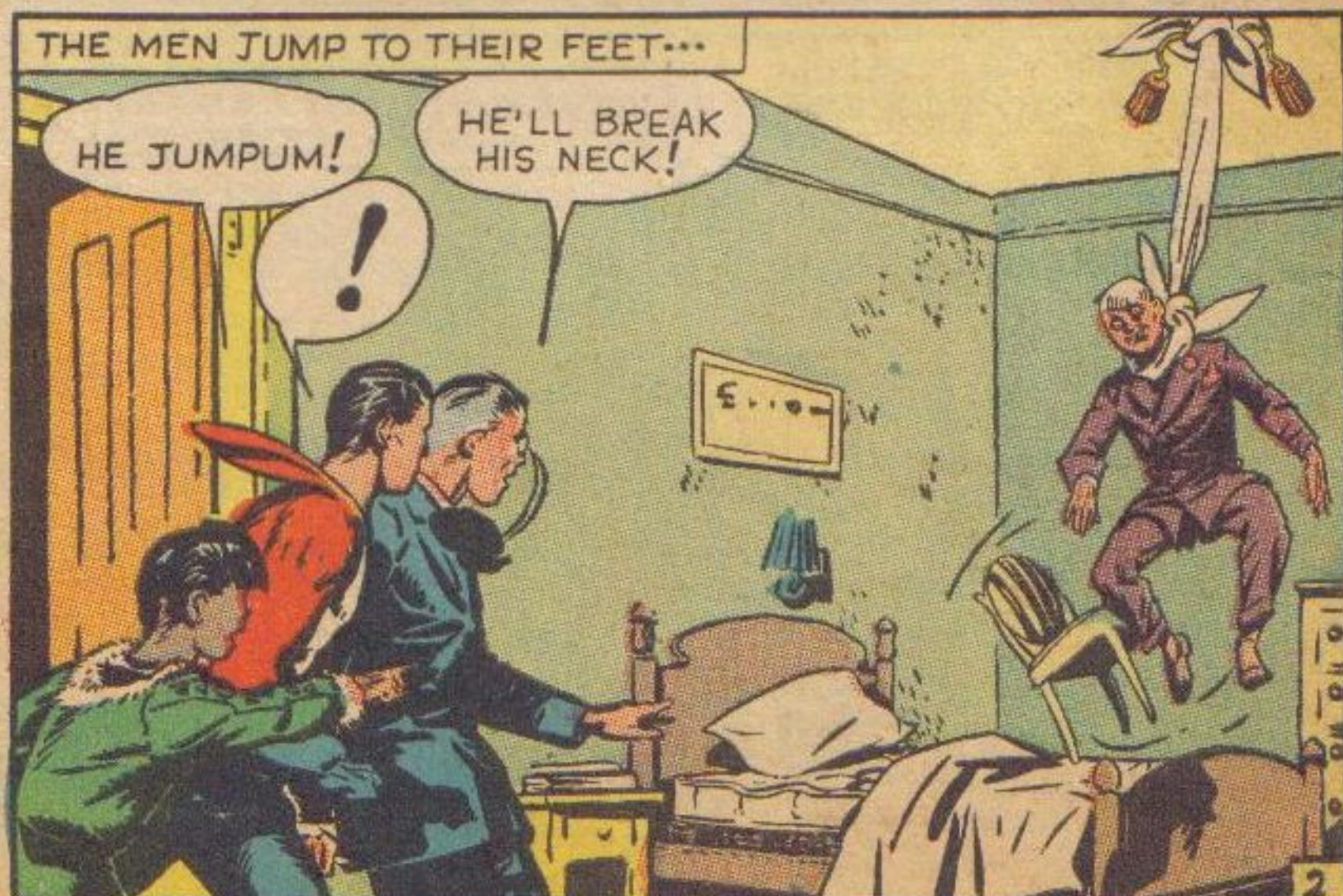
**AWK! ZERUM-
COME QUICK! MEADE
COMMITTUM
SUICIDE!**



THE MEN JUMP TO THEIR FEET...

HE JUMPUM!

HE'LL BREAK
HIS NECK!



BEFORE A SPLIT SECOND PASSES, SUB-ZERO LIFTS HIS ARM, AND--

HAVE TO STOP THIS!

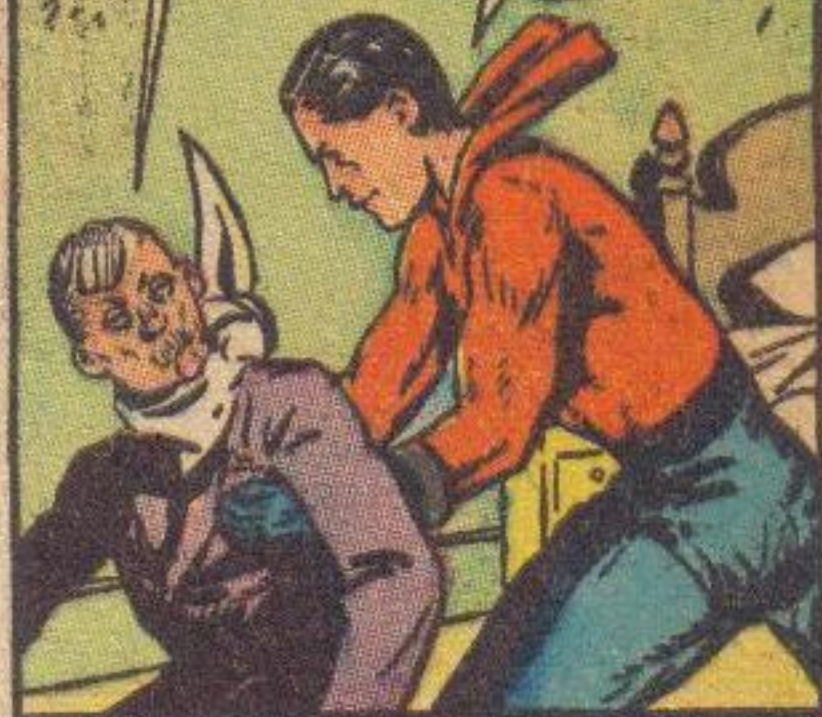


AN ICY ROD SHOOTS FROM HIS FINGERTIPS, PARTING THE SHEET!



WHAT'S THE USE OF LIVING? WITH THOSE CHARGES AGAINST ME, I'M RUINED!

EASY, OLD MAN, YOU'RE ONLY PROVING YOUR GUILT IF YOU DO THAT!



SUB-ZERO CHANGES HIS MIND...

I WAS WRONG, MR. MEADE! I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT I CAN DO! DO YOU STILL HAVE THE KEY TO YOUR OFFICE?

YES, HERE IT IS!

HOORAY! WE DO SOME INVESTIGATUM!



I THINK IT'S USELESS!

CAN'T HURT TO TRY! MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME, MR. MEADE!

LET'S GO!

THANK YOU!



OUTSIDE...

WE'LL BRING OUR SEARCHLIGHTS! WE'LL NEED THEM-- HEY! DUCK, KID!

HEY! WHO PUSHUM ME?



PHEW! JUST IN TIME! SOMEONE'S USING A REVOLVER WITH A SILENCER AND TRYING TO PUT A HOLE IN US! ---FOUR, FIVE, SIX! --- THAT GUN'S EMPTY NOW! COME ON!

UGH! HUGGING HARD FLOOR NO FUN!





FROM THE DIRECTION OF THOSE SHOTS, I'D SAY THEY MUST HAVE COME FROM ONE OF THOSE BUILDINGS! HMMM!...

ME LIKE TO SLUGGUM GUY WHO DID IT!



AT THE PARK COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE...

WELL, HERE WE ARE--AND NO ONE'S SEEN US!

HMM!... DARKER THAN A BLACKOUT HERE!



NOTHING IMPORTANT, YET!

LOTS OF PAPERS! GOOD FOR DEFENSE, EH?



THEN...

THIS DESK MUST BE THE SECRETARY'S, MR. PRICE. HMM-- THE USUAL STUFF!



SAY --- THAT .PIECE OF PAPER, THE WRITING ON IT-- BETTER POCKET IT FOR FUTURE REFERENCE! NOW TO PHONE THE POLICE!



D.A.? THIS IS SUB-ZERO. -- I'VE GOT MEADE OVER AT MY PLACE, AND I WANT YOU TO GET HIM, BUT DON'T BREAK IN UNTIL TEN O'CLOCK!--I WANT YOU TO PROMISE ME THAT! OKAY! SO LONG!

?



ARE YOU GOING TO DOUBLE-CROSSUM MR. MEADE?



THAT'S RIGHT!--BUT FOR HIS OWN GOOD! COME ON! WE'VE GOT WHAT WE WANT! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

HOKAYUM! --BUT STILL DON'T GETTUM!

BACK AT **SUB-ZERO'S**
APARTMENT...

HOW DID
IT
GO?

PERFECT! THIS
WILL BE CLEANED
UP IN TEN
MINUTES!

WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?

WILL YOU
COME IN HERE,
MR. MEADE?

W-WHY...
W-WHAT...?

BETTER DO
AS HE SAYS,
MR. MEADE...

ME THINKUM
ZERUM HAS
PROOF OF
MR. MEADE'S
GUILT!

I DIDN'T
WANT TO SAY
THIS BUT I'M
BEGINNING TO
THINK MR. MEADE
IS GUILTY!

SUDDENLY... A COMMOTION
DISTURBS THE CONVERSATION!

WHAT'S
THAT
NOISE?

ZERUM BEATING UP
MR. MEADE! MAYBE
HAS CONFESSION!

THE BEDROOM DOOR
FLIES OPEN AND ---

SO YOU ADMIT
YOUR GUILT,
EH?

LET ME
GO! -- I'LL
CONFESS!

HA! YOU ARE GUILTY!...
YOU WITH YOUR PHONEY
STORY OF INNOCENCE AND
MAKING ME BELIEVE YOU...
PUTTING MY CAREER
IN DANGER!

SIT DOWN! YOU'RE GOING TO
SIGN A NICE, BRAND-NEW
CONFESSION! FREEZUM,
PEN AND PAPER!

I'LL
HELP
YOU!

COMING
UPUM!

HERE IT IS --
ALL HE NEEDS
TO DO IS
SIGN IT!

HE'LL SIGN IT,
ALL RIGHT!



SUB-ZERO GLANCES AT THE CLOCK...

EIGHT MINUTES TO TEN... TIME FOR ACTION!



NOW SIGN IT, MR. MEADE!

I--I...

HURRY!



BUT...

MY HEART! UGHHH!



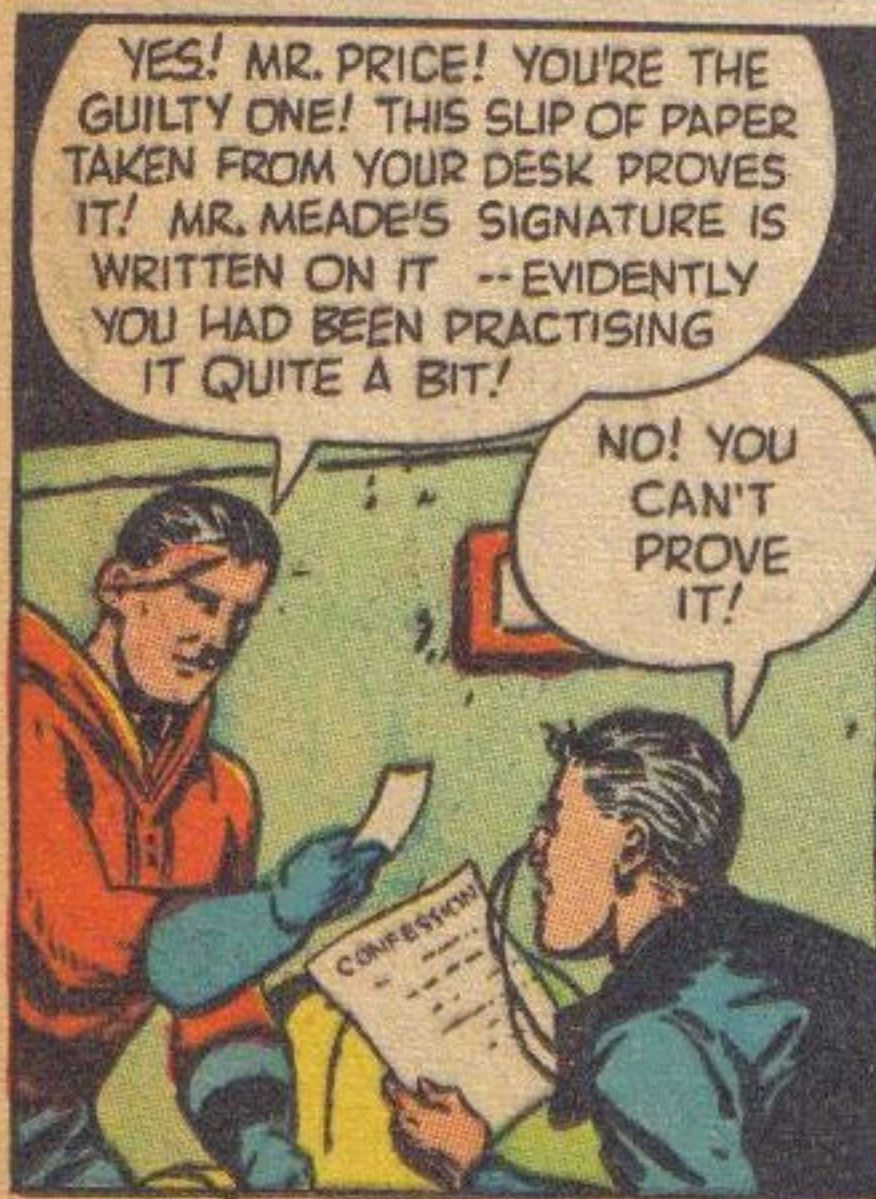
SUB-ZERO QUICKLY TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE SITUATION AND SHOVS THE CONFESSION IN FRONT OF PRICE!

HERE, PRICE! YOU SIGN HIS NAME! QUICKLY! BEFORE HE PASSES AWAY!

YES, YOU'RE RIGHT! WE MUST HAVE THE CONFESSION!



HERE IT IS! SAY!-- WAIT! WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME THAT WAY FOR? NO-NO!



YES! MR. PRICE! YOU'RE THE GUILTY ONE! THIS SLIP OF PAPER TAKEN FROM YOUR DESK PROVES IT! MR. MEADE'S SIGNATURE IS WRITTEN ON IT -- EVIDENTLY YOU HAD BEEN PRACTISING IT QUITE A BIT!

NO! YOU CAN'T PROVE IT!



BUT -- PRICE BRINGS OUT HIS OWN PROOF!

ALL RIGHT, WISE GUY! THAT WAS A NEAT TRICK! BUT NOW YOU'RE AT THE BOTTOM OF YOUR BAG OF TRICKS!

PRICE! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

AH! THE GUN WITH THE SILENCER! SO! YOU LEFT MEADE LONG ENOUGH TO TAKE POT SHOTS AT US FROM MY BEDROOM WINDOW!

UGH! GUN MEANS CONFESSION OF GUILT!



Edison

BELL

GOSH,
BUT THEY
LOOK GOOD!
EH, EDDIE?

RIGHT! ... BUT IT'S ONLY
THE BEGINNING--WE'LL
GO OUT RIGHT NOW
AND COLLECT
SOME MORE!
LET'S GO!

EDDIE AND JERRY
HAVE DEVOTED THE
FEW WEEKS BEFORE
CHRISTMAS TO
COLLECTING AND
FIXING UP OLD TOYS
FOR THE POOR KIDS
OF THEIR TOWN!

BY RAY GILL AND
HAROLD DE LAY

WE'RE COLLECTING OLD
TOYS TO BE FIXED AND
GIVEN TO POOR KIDS AT
CHRISTMAS... DO YOU
HAVE ANY?

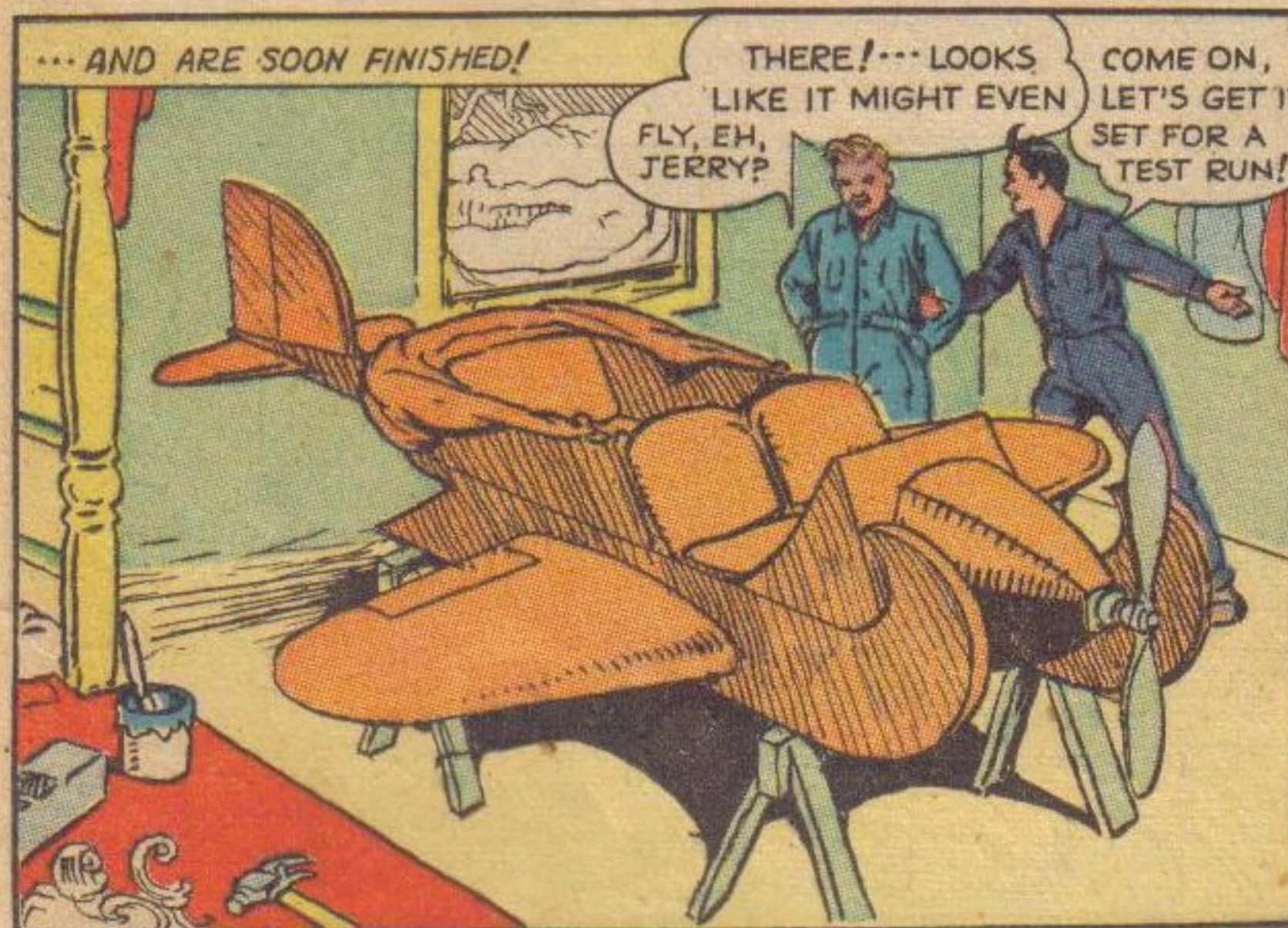
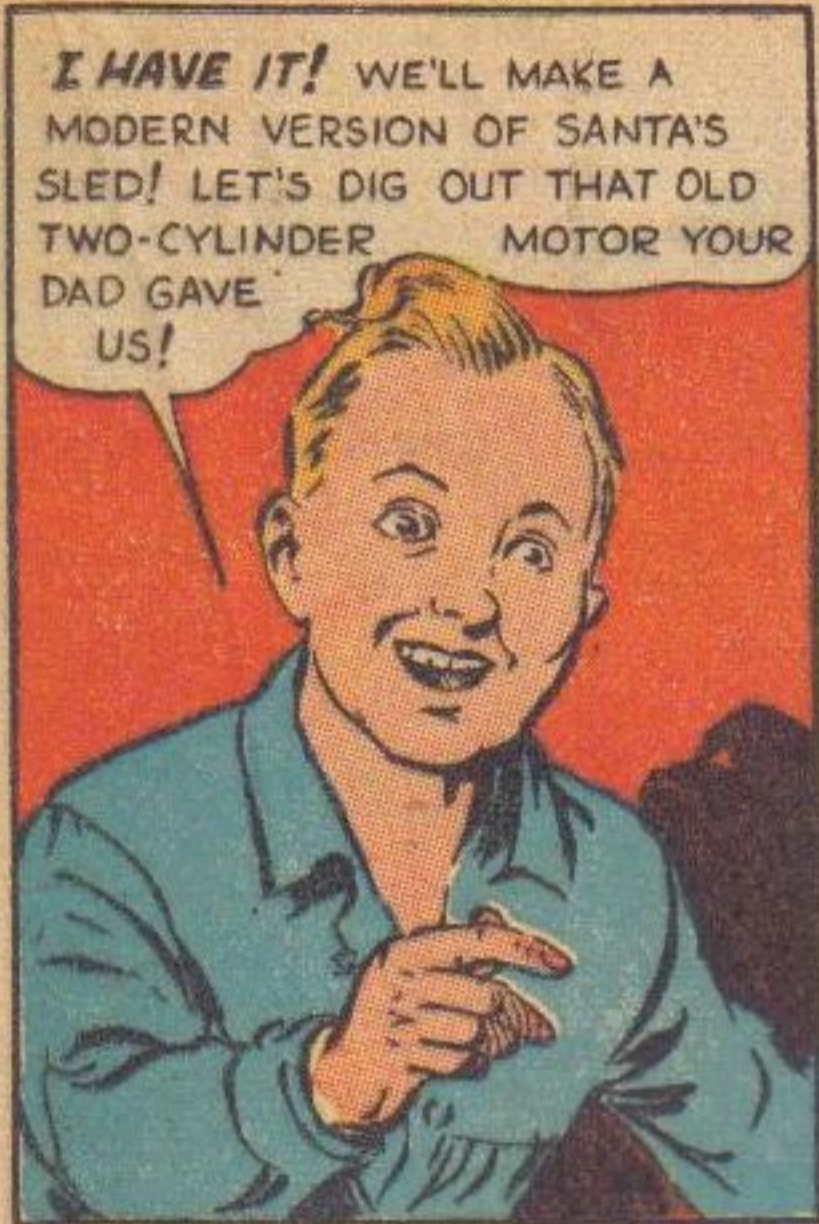
WHY, YES... I HAVE! WHAT A
SPLENDID THING TO BE DOING!
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO...
WE'RE HAVING A BRIDGE HERE THIS
AFTERNOON--
LADIES TO COLLECT TOYS
AND SAVE THEM FOR YOU!

GEE!
THANKS!
THAT WILL
BE
SWELL!

AND SO, AS CHRISTMAS DRAWS
NEARER, THE BOYS REALIZE
THEY HAVE QUITE A COLLECTION.

HEY, EDDIE!...
HOW ON EARTH ARE
WE GOING TO DELIVER
ALL OF THESE TOYS
IN ONE
NIGHT?

YEAH... THAT'S
RIGHT! WE'LL
HAVE TO HAVE
... HMMM...





BACK TO THE GARAGE WORKSHOP...



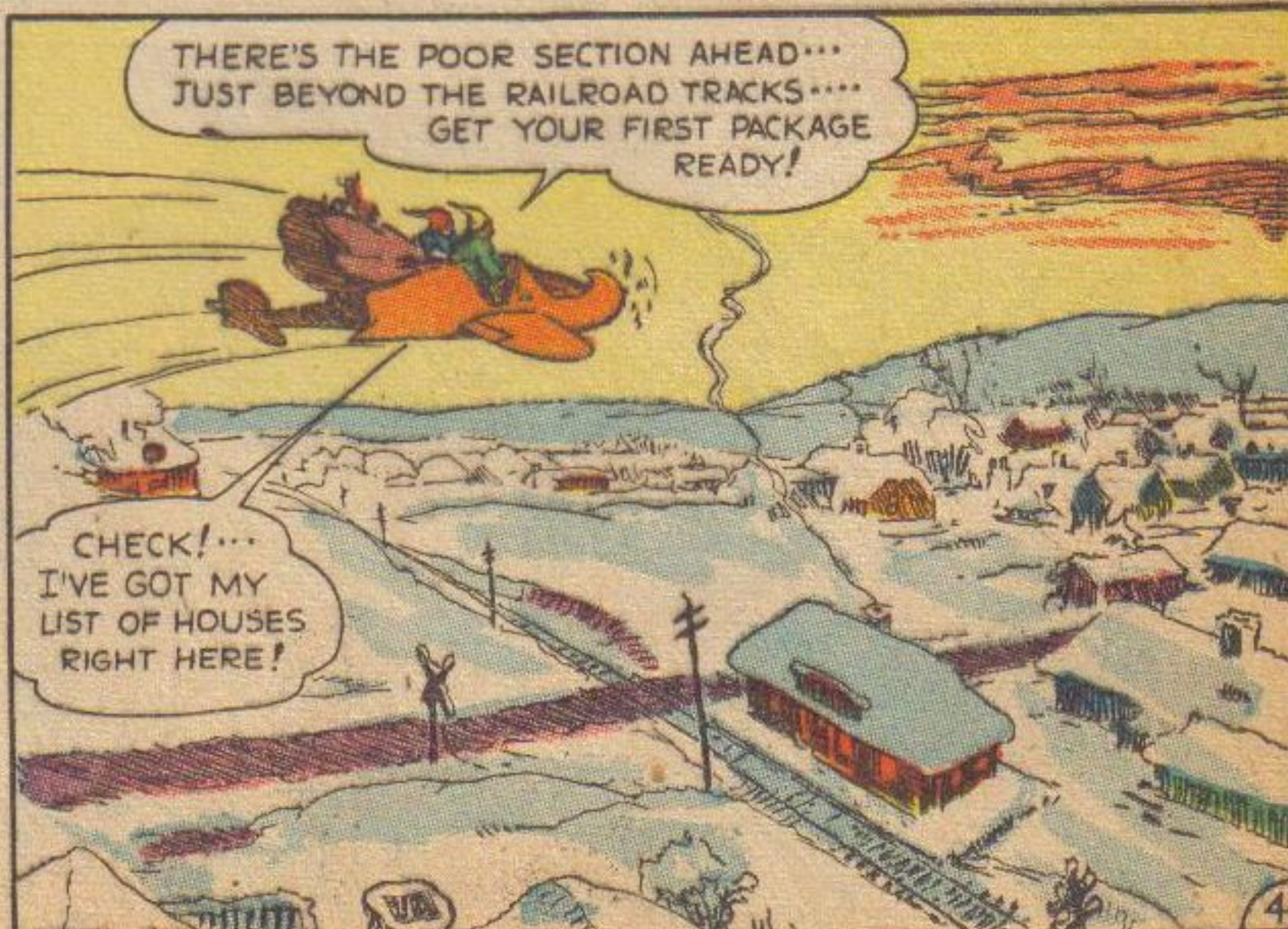
FOR THE NEXT COUPLE OF DAYS THE BOYS WORK FEVERISHLY...



...AND FINALLY COMPLETE THEIR JOB!



THEN... CHRISTMAS EVE...





THERE SHE GOES!

GOOD SHOT!



... AND ANOTHER!

THIS IS THRILLING, ISN'T IT! IT'S COLD, BUT, SOMEHOW, I FEEL WARM INSIDE!



SOME TIME LATER...

THAT WAS THE LAST ONE!

GOOD!... I WAS JUST GETTING TIRED!



BACK HOME AGAIN!

WELL... JUST LEAVE THE SLED OUT HERE ... (YAWN)... WE CAN PUT IT AWAY IN THE MORNING...

RIGHT! LET'S HIT THE HAY.



I'M GLAD YOU SUGGESTED THAT WE SLEEP IN THE BUNKS HERE IN THE WORKSHOP... I'D FALL ASLEEP ON THE WAY IF I HAD TO GO HOME TONIGHT!

G'NIGHT...

... AND SO TO SLEEP.



CHRISTMAS MORNING - BUT... AS JERRY LOOKS OUT...

THE SLED... HEY! EDDIE... LOOK! SOMEONE'S STOLEN IT! COME ON!



HOWEVER, WHEN THEY GET OUTSIDE, THEY SEE...

LOOK! - THERE'S A NOTE ON IT!

?



THANKS FOR THE NEW SLED, BOYS... MY OLD ONE WAS NEARLY WORN OUT. BUT THE REINDEER SHOULD MAKE IT AN EVEN TRADE. BE GOOD TO THEM - BUT I'M SURE YOU WILL! BY THE WAY, I HAD SOME TOYS LEFT OVER... SOMEONE BEAT ME TO IT THIS YEAR, AND I HAVE A GOOD IDEA WHO IT WAS! MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Santa Claus.

P.S.: FIRST TIME ANYONE EVER GAVE ME A PRESENT!

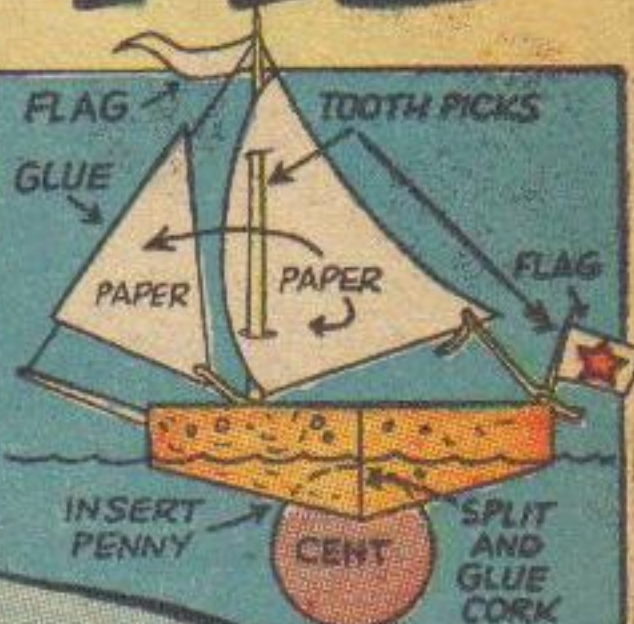
MAKE IT YOURSELF THIS XMAS

BY EDDIE (SANTA) BELL

WITH FACTORIES BOOMING DAY AND NIGHT IN AN EFFORT TO PRODUCE THE WEAPONS FOR WAR, EDDIE BELL SUGGESTS A FEW THINGS YOU CAN MAKE FOR YOURSELF THIS YEAR ... AND HELP LIGHTEN THE PRODUCTION BURDEN! IT ALL HELPS!

HALF THE FUN IS IN MAKING IT YOURSELF!

CORK BOATS!



SIMPLY A BOX-LIKE TOP SET ON AN OLD SLED!



The Kiddies will love this one!

FUN ON STILTS

... HOW TO GET UP IN THE WORLD -- IN ONE EASY LESSON!

TWO LONG BOARDS, WITH HOLES DRILLED FOR THE MOVEABLE PEGS, OR STEPS, AND YOU HAVE A GOOD PAIR OF STILTS!

WITH A LITTLE PRACTICE, STARTING WITH THE BOTTOM POSITIONS, OF COURSE, YOU WILL SOON BE THE TALLEST PERSON IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD!

BE CAREFUL ON SLIPPERY STREETS! AND DON'T TAKE CHANCES BY PUTTING PEGS IN THE HIGH HOLES AT FIRST!

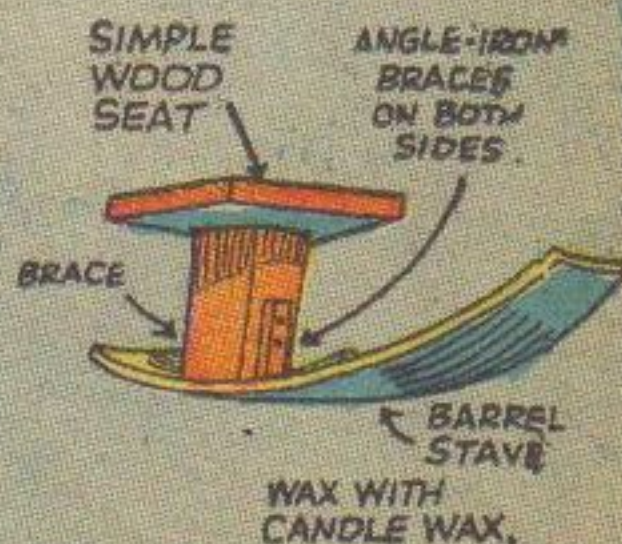
A LONG DISTANCE PAPER FLYER!

● THE ADDITION OF THE PAPER CLIP IN THE APPROXIMATE CENTER, PLUS THE BENT-UP TAIL SURFACES FOR LIFT, MAKE THIS PLANE A RECORD BREAKER!



MAKE THIS SINGLE-STAVE SLED!

● SPEAKING OF STILTS, HERE'S A SIMPLE SLED THAT'S GUARANTEED TO PROVIDE MORE FUN THAN TEN BARRELS OF MONKEYS! MAKE IT AND RIDE IT! IT'S ONE SURE WAY TO STAY YOUNG!



The **WHITE RIDER** and **SUPER HORSE**

IN THE TEXAS RANGERS!

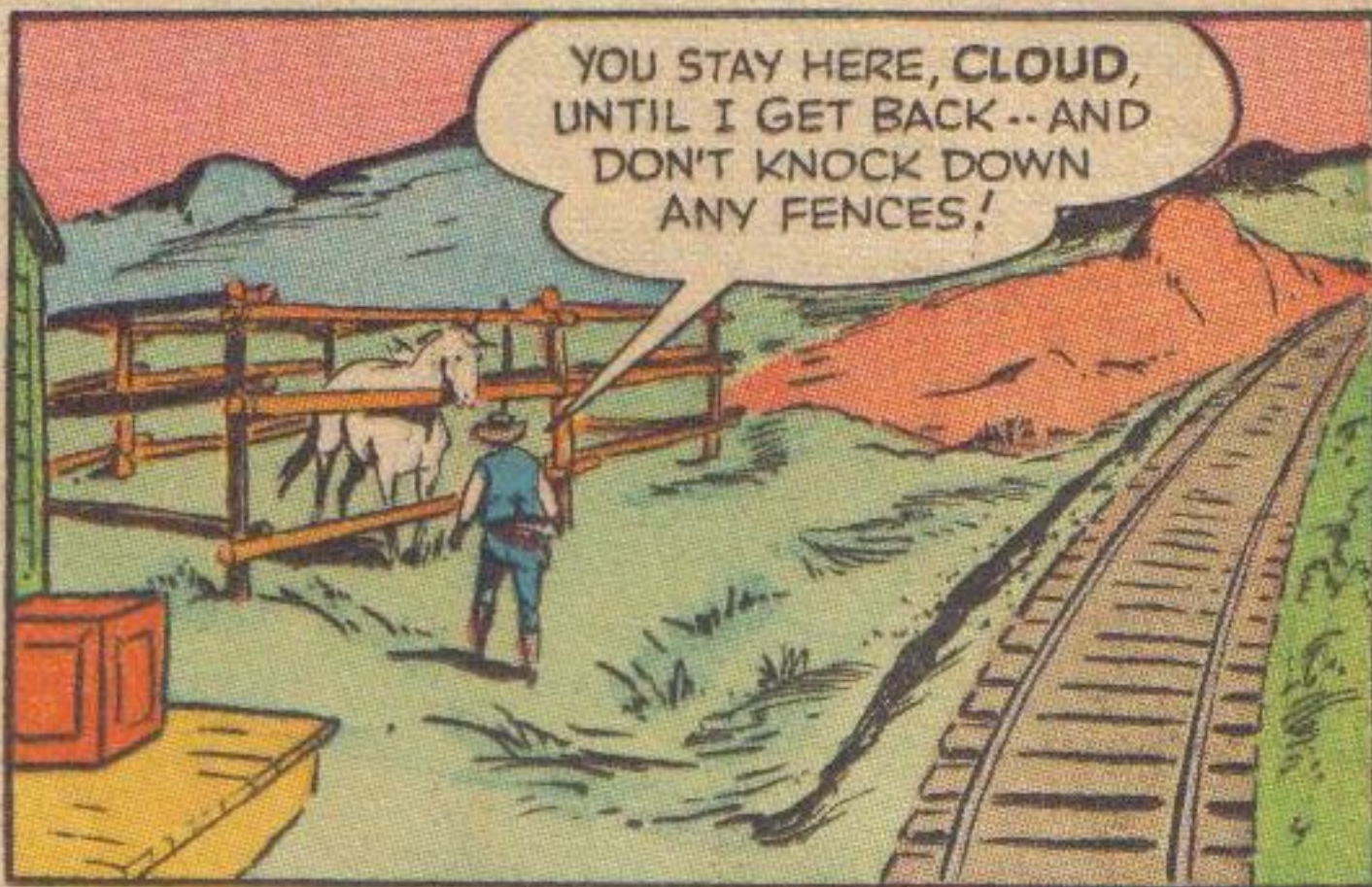
ON THE BADLANDS OF THE WESTERN PLAINS, MAIL EXPRESS TRAINS ARE LOOTED REPEATEDLY!... WHITE RIDER and SUPERHORSE ARE DETAINED TO GO AFTER THEM!

IN AN OLD HOTEL ROOM, WHITE RIDER PREPARES TO GO ON THE TRAIL....

I'LL JUST CHANGE INTO THESE COWPUNCHER CLOTHES. DON'T THINK ANYBODY'LL RECOGNIZE ME THEN!



YOU STAY HERE, CLOUD, UNTIL I GET BACK -- AND DON'T KNOCK DOWN ANY FENCES!



MINUTES LATER, AS THE MAIL TRAIN PULLS INTO THE STATION...

IT'S GITTIN SO THET A MAN CAN'T TRUST NOBODY!

HERE GOES! HOPE THOSE BANDITS TRY SOMETHING ON THIS RUN!

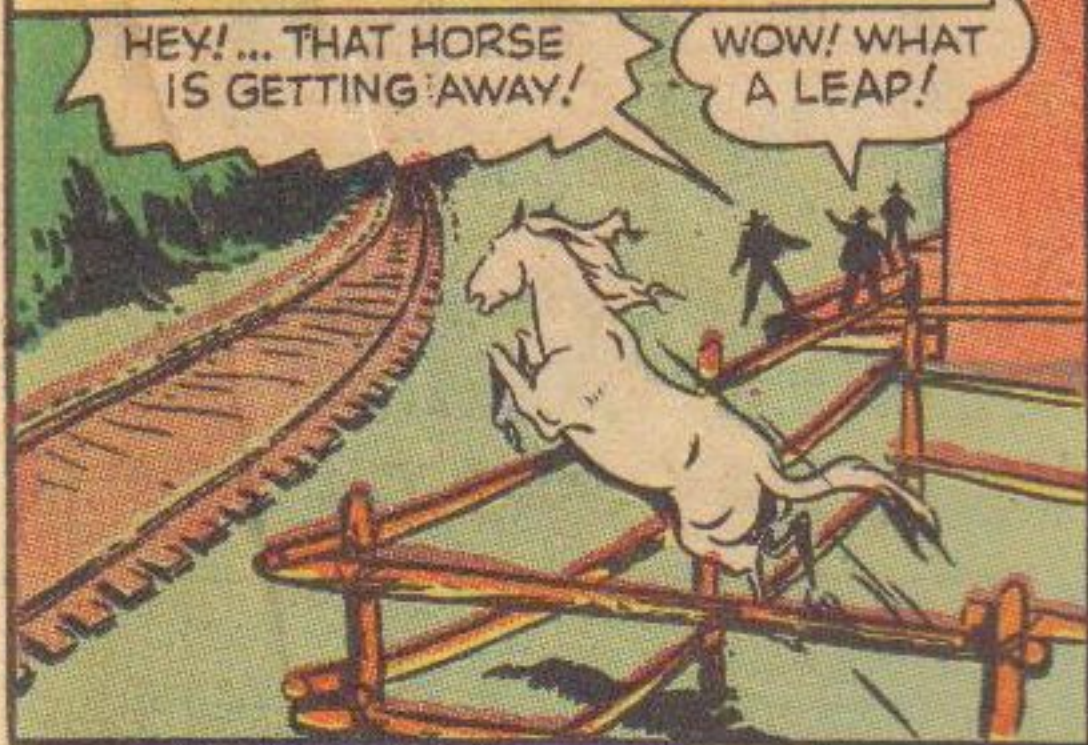
ALL ABOARD!



HOWEVER, **SUPERHORSE** SENSES THAT DANGER IS ABOUT TO BEFALL HIS MASTER! THEN, AS THE TRAIN PULLS OUT! ...

HEY! ... THAT HORSE IS GETTING AWAY!

WOW! WHAT A LEAP!



BY TAKING SHORT-CUTS, **SUPERHORSE** MANAGES TO KEEP THE TRAIN IN SIGHT... TIRELESSLY HE RUNS, EAGER TO BE IN ON ANY IMPENDING EXCITEMENT!



MEANWHILE, ON THE TRAIN...

HMM! I'D HATE TO MEET THOSE HOMBRES ALONE ON A DARK NIGHT!

THAT'S STRANGE -- THEY'VE BOTH GOT THEIR EYES CLOSED! ...

... THE **WHITE RIDER** BECOMES SUSPICIOUS OF TWO MEN STANDING UP FRONT BY THE MAIL CAR...



THE TRAIN IS SUDDENLY PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS, AS IT ENTERS A TUNNEL...

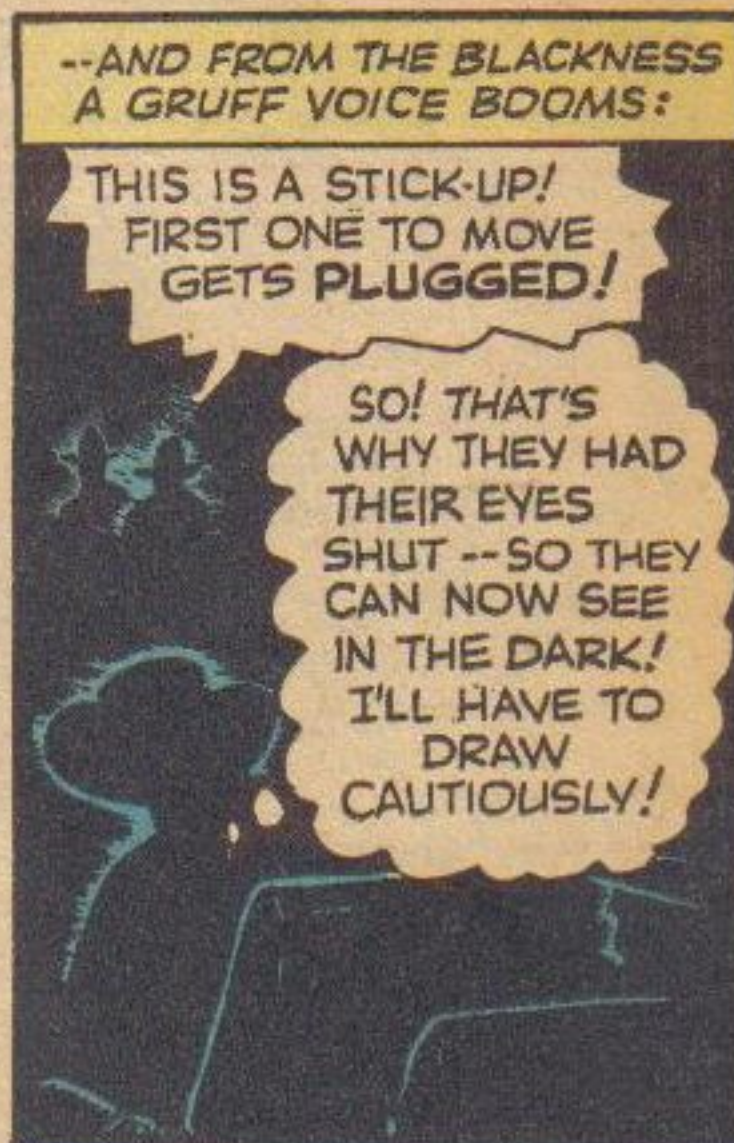
UH-OH! HERE'S THE DARKNESS -- BUT I'M GOING TO BE OKAY SO LONG AS I'VE GOT MY GUN!



--AND FROM THE BLACKNESS A GRUFF VOICE BOOMS:

THIS IS A STICK-UP! FIRST ONE TO MOVE GETS PLUGGED!

SO! THAT'S WHY THEY HAD THEIR EYES SHUT -- SO THEY CAN NOW SEE IN THE DARK! I'LL HAVE TO DRAW CAUTIOUSLY!

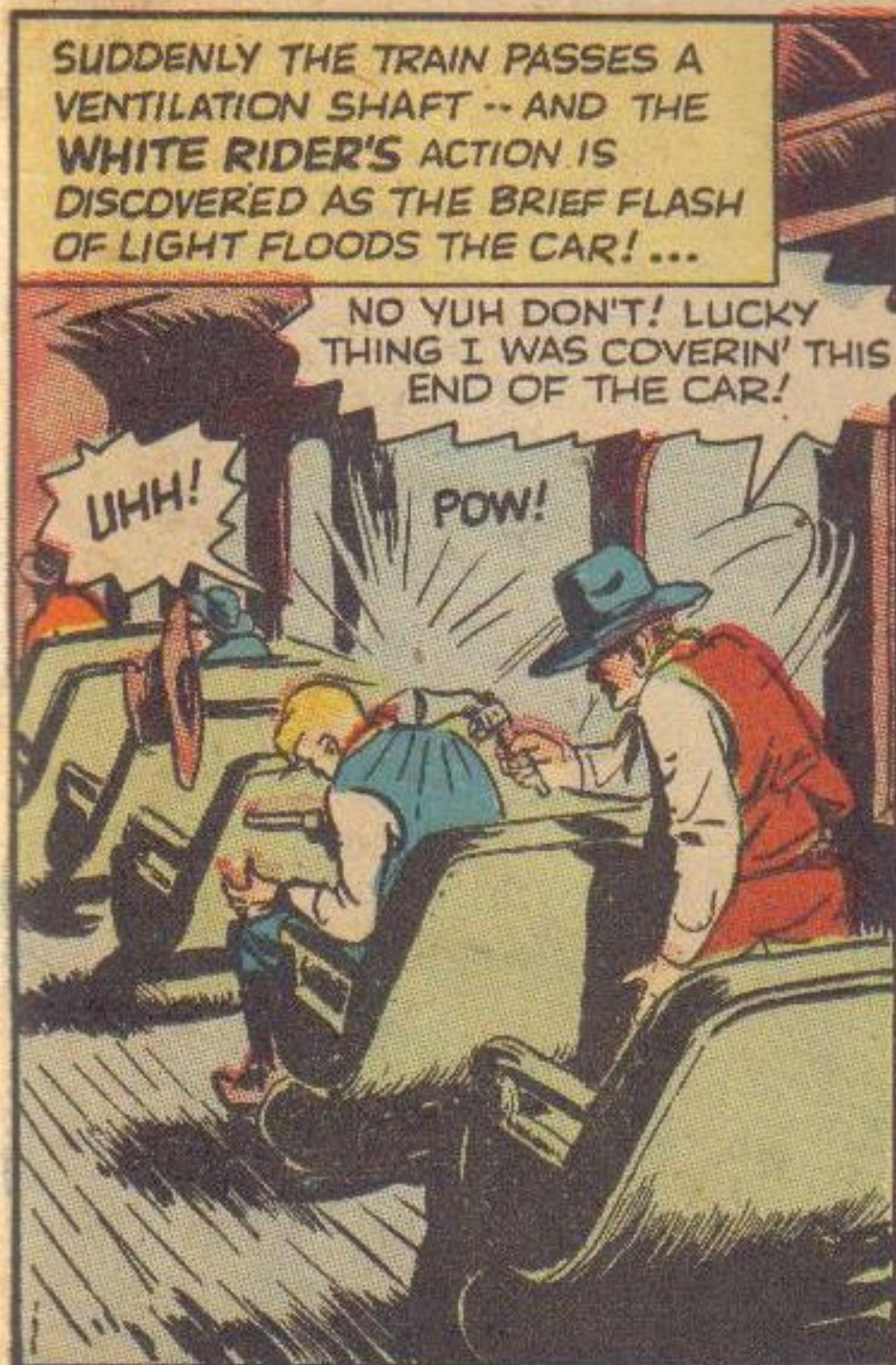


SUDDENLY THE TRAIN PASSES A VENTILATION SHAFT -- AND THE **WHITE RIDER'S** ACTION IS DISCOVERED AS THE BRIEF FLASH OF LIGHT FLOODS THE CAR! ...

NO YUH DON'T! LUCKY THING I WAS COVERIN' THIS END OF THE CAR!

UHH!

POW!



A MOMENT LATER, ON THE PLATFORM BETWEEN THE COACH AND THE MAIL CAR!

GET TO THE MAIL CAR! QUICK! I'LL COVER THE PASSENGERS! OUR HORSES ARE WAITING FOR US AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL!

OKAY, CHIEF! I GOT THAT SMART GUYS GUN!



LOCKING THE PASSENGERS IN THE COACH, THE "**CHIEF**" POCKETS THE KEY, AND BOASTFULLY SHOUTS:

DON'T TRY FOLLOWING US! THIS DOOR IS LOCKED, AND THE SIGNAL CORD TO THE ENGINEER IS CUT! SMART, EH? HA-HA-HA! ADIOS, CHUMPS!

OH!

OW! MY HEAD! HOLY SMOKES! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!



AS THE WHITE RIDER SUSPECTED, THE THREE MEN ARE BANDITS. THEIR WORK DONE, THEY JUMP OFF THE END CAR AT THE POINT WHERE THEIR HORSES ARE STAKED.

THAT SURE WAS AN EASY JOB!

GET TO THOSE HORSES! --FAST!

BREAKING THROUGH THE DOOR, THE WHITE RIDER FINDS ONLY A SEMI-CONSCIOUS CLERK IN THE MAIL CAR!

DON'T MIND ME! I'M ALL RIGHT! THEY'VE GONE TO THE BACK!

THANKS, PARDNER!

AS CLOUD, THE SUPERHORSE, COMES IN CLOSER, WHITE RIDER SCRAMBLES OVER THE HAND RAIL...

QUICKLY, WHITE RIDER DASHES TO THE OBSERVATION, AND SEES...

CLOUD! WHAT'S HE DOING HERE? HERE FELLOW! COME CLOSER!

THEY'RE GONE! -- JUMPED! WHAT YOU GONNA DO, MISTER?

--GET THOSE CROOKS! --JUST A LITTLE CLOSER, CLOUD!

THEN, WHITE RIDER JUMPS!

MADE IT! NOW GET GOING, CLOUD!

GOOD LUCK, STRANGER! BE CAREFUL!

WHITE RIDER DOUBLES BACK ON THE TRAIL, UNTIL...

HERE'S WHERE THEY JUMPED OFF -- IT'LL BE EASY TO FOLLOW THOSE TRACKS FROM HERE! LET'S RIDE!

THE TRAIL LEADS UP A CANYON -- AND AT THE END OF IT...

A CABIN! THIS MUST BE THE PLACE, CLOUD! WE'LL WAIT FOR NIGHTFALL BEFORE WE CLOSE IN!

NIGHT COMES SWIFTLY -- AND, WITH GUN DRAWN, THE PAIR GLIDE TOWARD THE CABIN...

QUIET, NOW, CLOUD! WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE!

APPROACHING CAUTIOUSLY, **WHITE RIDER** REACHES THE DOOR—THEN BURSTS THROUGH!

HEY! WHAT TH'—

REACH—YOU BLASTED TRAIN ROBBER!

HUH?



SUDDENLY-- A MAN STEPS FROM BEHIND THE DOOR, AND...

HOLD THE SNOOPER JOE! I'LL GET HIS GUN!

GOTCHA! NOW YOU'LL GET IT!



FREED HIMSELF WITH A POWERFUL TWIST, **WHITE RIDER** LUNGES!

YOU'VE GOT A JOB ON YOUR HANDS BEFORE YOU TAKE ME!

LET HIM HAVE IT!



FIGHTING DESPERATELY, **WHITE RIDER** ATTACKS HIS ASSAILANTS...

LET ME AT HIM!

COME ON, YOU SKUNKS!

UUG!



HOWEVER, A HEAVY RIFLE-BUTT ENDS THE FIGHT!

GOOD WORK, MIKE!

UHH!



THEN ...

HOLY SMOKES! WHAT'S THAT?

SOUNDS LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE! GET OUT THE BACK WAY! QUICK!



...OUTSIDE THE DOOR -- **CLOUD!**



AS THE MEN COME RUNNING AROUND THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE ...

AWK! IT'S A HORSE! A WILD HORSE!

BACK INSIDE! HE'S COMING FOR US!

GREAT GUNS!





HELP!
LEMMIE
INSIDE!

HE'S RIGHT
BEHIND US!



INSIDE... **WHITE RIDER**, RECOVERING FROM THE BLOW ON HIS HEAD, HEARS THE COMMOTION...

AH! CLOUD'S AFTER THE CROOKS...
AND THEY'RE COMING BACK!
I'LL FIX 'EM!



...AND HURLS A CHAIR AT THE TERRIFIED MEN!

HAVE A
SEAT, YA
MANGY
CROOKS!

LOOK OUT!
OOPS!!!

WATCH
IT!



IN A FLASH, **WHITE RIDER** HAS MIKE DOWN AND HAS SNATCHED THE GUN FROM HIS HOLSTER!

GRAB SPACE --
AND QUICK!
THIS TIME
YOU'LL
BE FINISHED!

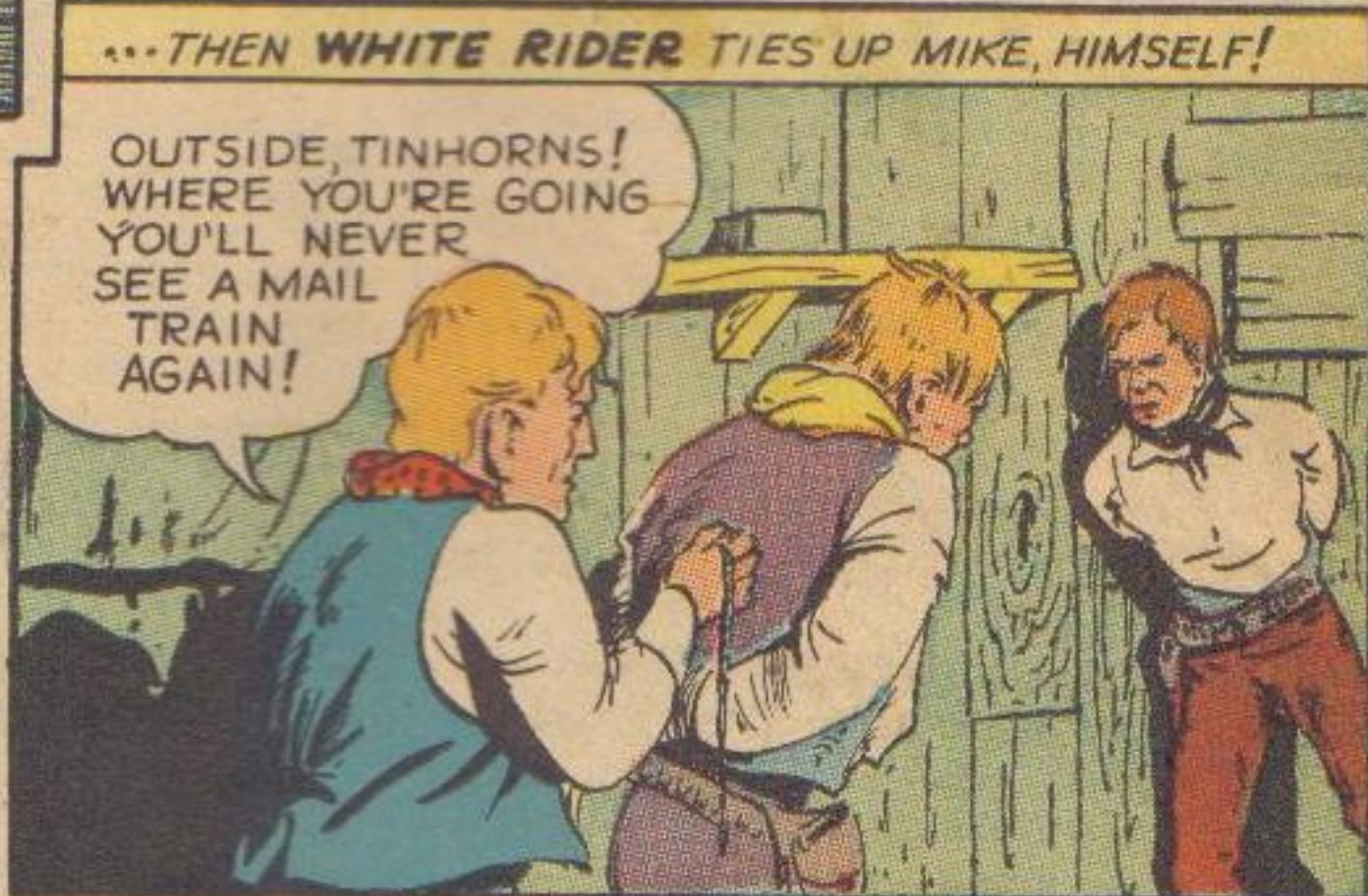


THEN FORCES MIKE TO TIE UP HIS CONFEDERATES...

COME ON!
MAKE IT SNAPPY!

SHUT UP!
IT'S YOUR FAULT
WE'RE IN THIS
MESS!

OUCH!
TAKE IT
EASY!



...THEN **WHITE RIDER** TIES UP MIKE, HIMSELF!

OUTSIDE, TINHORN!
WHERE YOU'RE GOING
YOU'LL NEVER
SEE A MAIL
TRAIN
AGAIN!



AND SO...
WITH THE STOLEN
MAIL BAGS TIED TO
HIS SADDLE, AND
THE SECURELY-BOUND
CROOKS MOUNTED
BEHIND HIM,
WHITE RIDER
SETS OFF!

... AGAIN
JUSTICE
TRIUMPHS!

GOOD WORK, CLOUD!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT
I'D DO WITH-
OUT YOU!



GOOD LUCK
TO YOU!

WHITE RIDER
and
SUPERHORSE
WILL BE BACK
WITH US AGAIN
IN THE NEXT
BLUE BOLT!

STAMP COLLECTING

By Eugene L. Pollock

SAINT BENEDICT'S MIRACLES

Nearly fifteen centuries ago, when Europe was a wild country, there lived a man named Benedict. He had given up a vast fortune to remain in prayer in a little cave in the hills of Italy. After three years as a hermit Benedict became the head of a monastery, the home of monks.

As he was very strict, some of the monks tried to poison him and make room for an easier ruler. Benedict learned of the plot and made the sign of the cross over the vessel holding the poison. It broke apart as if it had been struck with an ax. One day a lad who was drawing water at a lake fell in and was drowning when Benedict saw him. He ordered a monk to run quickly and draw out the boy. The man walked upon the water, legend tells us, as if it were solid earth and pulled the drowning child out of danger.



St. Benedict

The stories of the miracles spread throughout Italy and Benedict was called a saint. From every part of Europe came people to receive the blessings of the holy man and wait to see a miracle

he might perform.

There was a ruffian named Galla who traveled about Italy killing monks and priests for sport, just as some men went hunting for wild animals. He would also torture travelers for their money and belongings. One peasant, afraid that Galla would kill him, as he had nothing to give away, told the bandit that all of his property was in the hands of Benedict, a servant of God. Galla roughly tied the poor man's arms with a rope and thrust him before his horse, ordering the peasant to lead the way to Benedict's house, who had taken the money he expected to steal. Galla beat and tortured the man as he painfully led him to the home of the saint.

Benedict was seated before his door as the pair came upon him. Galla cried out in an angry tone, thinking he could frighten the peaceful monk. "Rise up, rise up, and restore quickly what thou hast received from the peasant!" The saint raised his eyes from his book and, without speaking, looked upon Galla and then upon the farmer bound with rope. Another miracle was performed, for the rope became untied and the peasant stood up, erect and free, while the once rough and fierce Galla fell to the ground and begged Benedict to pray for him. From that time on, we are told, Galla was more humble than the poor peasant he had captured.



St. Benedict Builds His Monastery

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Big packet includes Giant Siberian "Fighting Cossack" DIAMOND-SHAPED STAMP, queer "half-stamp" TITAN, GLE, Gobi Desert, Devil's Island, Singapore, First U. S. commemorative (50 yrs. old), one lot 19 Asia war stamps, etc.—altogether 30 all different—all GIVEN with approvals for 3¢ postage.

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MEXICO CENSUS SET COMPLETE

Free to approval applicants

PLADON STAMP CO.

1717 Idaho, Dept. K, Toledo, Ohio

FIGHTING MAD

BY MICKEY SPILLANE

"ROLL OUT, you buzzards, there's a scramble at 15,000!" The Yankee pilot who yelled the order ducked back under a barrage of shoes. He stuck his head in the door once more. "Shake it up. We have five minutes to get up in!" The boys hopped into their flying togs in two minutes flat and dashed out of the door. Japs had been coming over Australia quite frequently the last week, and every one of the boys were anxious to bag one of the Nipponese.

Shorty Peters put his foot in the slot of his fighter and barked out some final instructions over the roar of the motors. "Bombers are coming over. Get the altitude on them, peel off and pick your crate. Get the bombers first, then go for the pursuit planes. Now hop to it!" The men ran to their P 40's and climbed aboard. They fed the throttles and the propellers raced. A quick pivot, and the flight tore down the runway and zipped into the air, reaching for altitude.

THEY WERE A GAY bunch, fighting to keep the war away from the States. With every Jap they downed it meant less chance of bombs reaching America. They fought with a vengeance, a ripping, slashing pack of hungry sky wolves, eager to send leaden death into every Rising Sun plane.

Fifteen minutes from their base, Shorty saw the specks of the approaching Zero fighters escorting a flight of heavy bombers. He flipped the switch on the inter-com phones and whispered. The throat sonovox attachment threw his voice to the other planes. "All right, fellows, they're straight ahead. Get another thousand feet of sky under you and peel off!"

Once again the sticks went back and the flight climbed. The Zeros were coming up fast now. With the sun at their backs, the Americans peeled off into a dizzying dive . . . heading straight for the Japs. Fingers touched trigger buttons, and a leaden stream of death blasted into the Jap ships. Flames shot from the leading plane, its motor screamed in protest, and it went into a spin. Three others followed it down, dead men at the controls! "Every man for himself!" Shorty yelled. "Grab one and hang on!"

The surprise attack was over . . . the sky blazed with tracer bullets as the Japanese recovered to take advantage of their superior forces. The odds were two to one! Peters let the Zero in front of him have a burst in the tail section, and when he saw it go out of control, zoomed up under the belly of a bomber. Shells screamed down from the lower blisters, but clever stick handling took Shorty out of the way. The P 40 had its nose pointing straight up, and just before the ship stalled, he tripped the trigger.

The blinding flash of the explosion that followed almost got him. The P 40 shot sidewise across the sky. He had hit the bomb load! Desperately he grabbed the controls and tried to get his plane back on its course, but the explosion must have destroyed his airfoils . . . the ship wouldn't respond! He took one look above him, saw that the bombers had turned tail for home, leaving the Zeros to fight it out, forced open the greenhouse, and jumped.

Shorty knew that he dare not open the chute too soon, for a helpless man dangling from shroud lines was an ideal target to these birds. Slowly he counted off the seconds, mentally com-

puting his speed of fall. This had to be good . . . or he was a goner! When his count told him that he was a few hundred feet from the ground below, he yanked the rip cord. Silk spilled out of the pack, and he was jerked violently in mid-air. From side to side he swung, like a great pendulum, and socked into a tree a moment later.

Dazed, he opened his eyes and felt for broken bones, then breathed a great sigh of relief when he found that he had none. Peters unsnapped his chute and crawled out. About him was dense foliage, with huge trees bursting through it. Millions of strange bugs chirped madly, their noises rising like the morning fog that was lifting from the earth. Where was he?

Knowing that a dogfight could throw you miles off course, Peters took careful note of his surroundings. Above him, the other planes had drifted out of sight, his men probably giving him up for lost when they saw him dropping to earth. By his last calculations, he had been midway in the Arafura Sea, between Australia and New Guinea. This must be one of the hundreds of islands that lay in the area!

Climbing one of the trees, he located the water, and the sun gave him his direction. Fortunately, he was facing south, the direction of his home base . . . now what? He could sit down to wait for a passing ship, but how would he reach it? All these places were under Japanese control, and if he was found, it would mean death! He lay on the soil, his eyes closed, and he dropped off to sleep.

THE SHARP BUTT EDGE of a rifle aroused him with a start. A hissing voice spoke softly. "So, we have a visssitor! . . . Get up,

Yankee Pig, our commander will want to question you!" Shorty was so startled that he could do nothing but obey. With the rifle menacing him, he was marched around the tip of the island, through a fringe of the forest . . . and in the cove provided by horn-shaped segments of land was the Jap base! And in the water were a half dozen submarines!

So *this* was where the subs that were sinking the convoy ships operated from. The rifle prodded him into the operations office, where a fat officer sat behind a desk. The two conversed swiftly in Nipponese, then the officer addressed him. "You are a spy, yesss? And you know what happens to spies, *no*?"

"Spy my eye!" Peters shot back. "I'm a prisoner of war, that's what, and I expect to be treated as such!"

The Jap laughed. "Take him away. In the morning we will shoot him. Right now we must prepare the submarines." Peters turned red with anger. This was an outrage! But once again the gun ground into his spine and he was led outside. The Jap summoned two others, and he was thrown, roughly, into a wooden shack and the door bolted. He knew one of the Jappies would remain outside to make sure he stayed put. What a *mess*!

NIGHT CLOSED IN FAST. For a while Shorty rested, until the noisy activity outside awakened him completely. He took careful note of his prison. Obviously, it was just a shack. Going to the rear, Peters fingered some warped boards and gave one a yank. It came loose in his hands! Well . . . this was really insulting! Who did they think he was . . . one of their own kind! . . . Sticking him in a place like this believing that he couldn't get out!

Whatever the confusion was outside, it covered the noise he made nicely. In two minutes he had the boards off and slipped

out. Slowly, he crept around to the front. There the sentry was looking longingly at a small celebration going on at the waterfront. Peters pulled back his fist . . . his other hand flipped off the sentry's helmet, and he smacked him with all his weight in the back of the neck! The guy went down . . . out cold!

Peter's hands worked swiftly. He stripped the guy and donned his uniform. A moment later he was gliding through the darkness to the water's edge. There, rolling slowly were a group of Jap torpedo boats . . . designs copied from the American original. But there was one thing they'd never copy . . . the fighting spirit that drove those "skeeters"! One man stood there . . . unaware of the figure behind him. Again that fist flashed, and the Jap went down in a crumpled heap!

Leaping to the deck of a "skeeter," Shorty Peters ducked into the engine room. He pushed the starting button, threw the boat into reverse, leaped out and untied it, then grabbed the controls again. Immediately the beach was the scene of wild disorder. Shots rang out . . . lights caught the boat in their glare . . . but they were too late . . . Peters gave her the gun and headed towards the open sea.

One of the lights caught a sub floating idly in the speeding craft's path, and Shorty got an idea. He set the controls on the automatic pilot and climbed outside to the torpedo tubes. They were already loaded for action. He swung the forward tube out, then shoved the firing lever. With a hiss and a splash the steel fish popped out and raced for the sub!

CRASH! The submarine went up in a welter of foam and debris. Steel plates rained down into the water. Peters dodged the remnants of the sub and went for the next. The foolish Japs kept the lights on and they lit up the place perfectly. The skeeter was an im-

possible target to hit, speeding as it was. Within the next five minutes Tom got two more torpedoes off . . . and two more subs went to the bottom, a hopeless mass of junk!

But he had to get out of here at any time the Japs might bring some machine guns or heavy artillery into play . . . they might even summon their aircraft! Shorty gave the boat full gun and sped out to sea. The instruments were all in the weird language of Japan, but a compass was a compass in any man's language. He set his course and followed it all through the night.

Dawn was just breaking, when through the haze, he spotted the outlines of the Australian mainland . . . and a flight of American planes . . . his planes . . . the men of his own outfit! Then . . . they spotted him, and roared down. Guns rattled, and spray was kicked onto the deck. They thought he was a lone Jap suicide raider! In a second, Peters had his undershirt off. He rushed forward and pinned it to the flagstaff. The planes got the idea and followed him. As far as they were concerned, the Jap could surrender if he liked!

Shorty landed at the dock under cover of a mess of guns, held by Aussies and Americans. He stepped up . . . and were they disappointed when they saw that he wasn't a Jap! Quickly, he retold the story and was driven to his field. There he assembled the men who were beside themselves with the joy of having him back.

"**LISTEN, MEN,**" he said, "I know where those Japs who have been waylaying our ships are hiding out. I want a group of volunteers to raid their base. They'll probably be expecting us, and it'll be a mean fight. Who wants to go?" Every single man of them took a step forward, and in booming voices shouted, "**I DO!**"

THE END

BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN

The ADVENTURE of the MISSING FORMULA!

THE GESTAPO THOUGHT THE OLD MAN HAD IT, BUT HE ESCAPED FROM GERMANY WITH NOTHING ON HIM ... AND THE GESTAPO FOLLOWED! WHERE, THEN, WAS IT? WITH THE FORMULA LAY THE SUCCESS OF THE WAR! READ ON -----

ALAN
MANDEL



AS **BLUE BOLT** WALKS ALONG THE STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO...

SAY!
THAT LOOKS
LIKE LOIS!
HEY!
LOIS!

JUST THEN --- A CAR
PULLS UP BESIDE HER,
MEN JUMP OUT, AND...

HURRY-- GRAB
HER! INTO
THE CAR!

WHAT!
LET ME--
AAAAAAA.

OFF COMES **BLUE BOLT'S** COAT! --HE DASHES FORWARD!--

WHY -- THOSE PUNKS!



OWW!
HELP! --LEMMIE OUTA HERE!



BLUE BOLT! IT'S YOU! GIVE IT TO 'EM!

YOU BET I WILL!



... AND THROWS A VICIOUS BODY-BLOCK INTO THE MEN!

LOOK OUT!
OOF!

AWK!

WHAT IS THIS?



ONE BY ONE THE MEN GO DOWN UNDER THE BONE-CRUSHING SMASHES!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT! BUT IT'S A GAME I LIKE TO PLAY!



THEN--THE MEN SCRAMBLE UP AND DASH AWAY!



YOU'VE GOT SOME EXPLAINING TO DO, LOIS! COME ON! GIVE!



WELL--OKAY! LAST MONTH, A SCIENTIST ESCAPED FROM GERMANY TO THE U.S. WITH A PROCESS FOR A NEW EXPLOSIVE. HE DISAPPEARED AND I WAS DETAILED TO FIND HIM. SO WAS THE GESTAPO, I SEE! THEY MUST HAVE KNOWN I FOUND HIM HIDING IN AN OLD HOTEL, AND THEY TRIED TO KIDNAP ME!



BLUE BOLT'S INTEREST IS AROUSED!
THEY HOP INTO A CAB! ...

TO THE
LARRIMORE
HOTEL,
DRIVER!

HUH?
THAT
OLD
DUMP!

HERE WE ARE,
LOIS! GEE!
IT'S A
REGULAR
FLOP-
HOUSE!

I KNOW,
BUT THAT'S
WHERE HANS
GREN IS ---
NEVERTHELESS!

INSIDE --
THE PAIR GO
UPSTAIRS...

THAT'S
FUNNY--
I DON'T
SEE HIM
AROUND!

I'LL ASK
SOMEBODY
-- WAIT A
SECOND!

YOU HAVE AN OLD
MAN NAMED HANS
GREN HERE?

YEAH! BUT A
COUPLE OF
DETECTIVES
JUST ARRESTED
HIM -- TOOK
HIM DOWN
THE BACK
WAY!

WHAT? --DETECTIVES
NOTHING! THEY WERE
GESTAPO MEN! COME
ON, LOIS! AFTER
THEM!

THEY RACE DOWN THE BACK STAIRS!
BLUE BOLT STOPS AT THE LANDING...

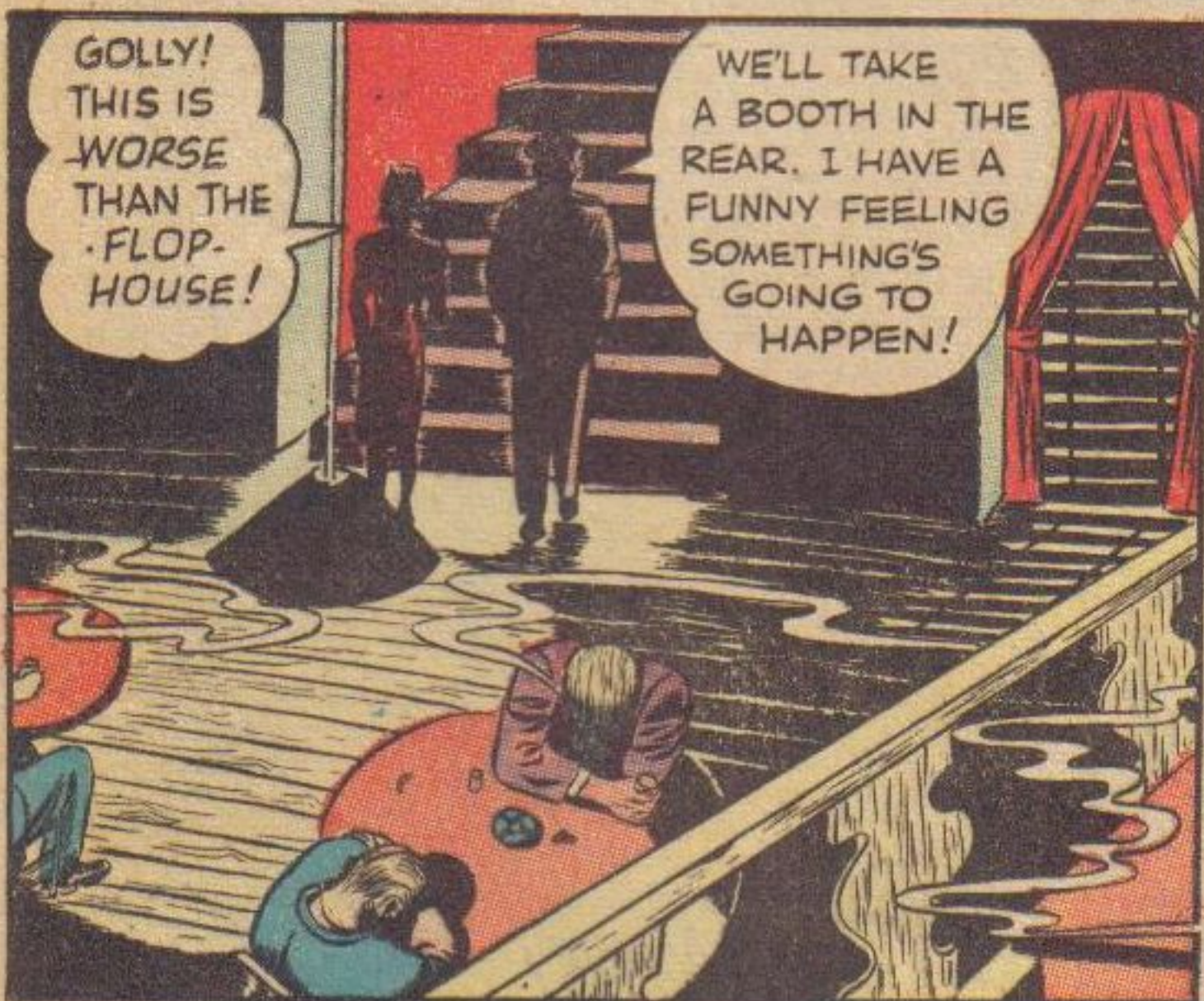
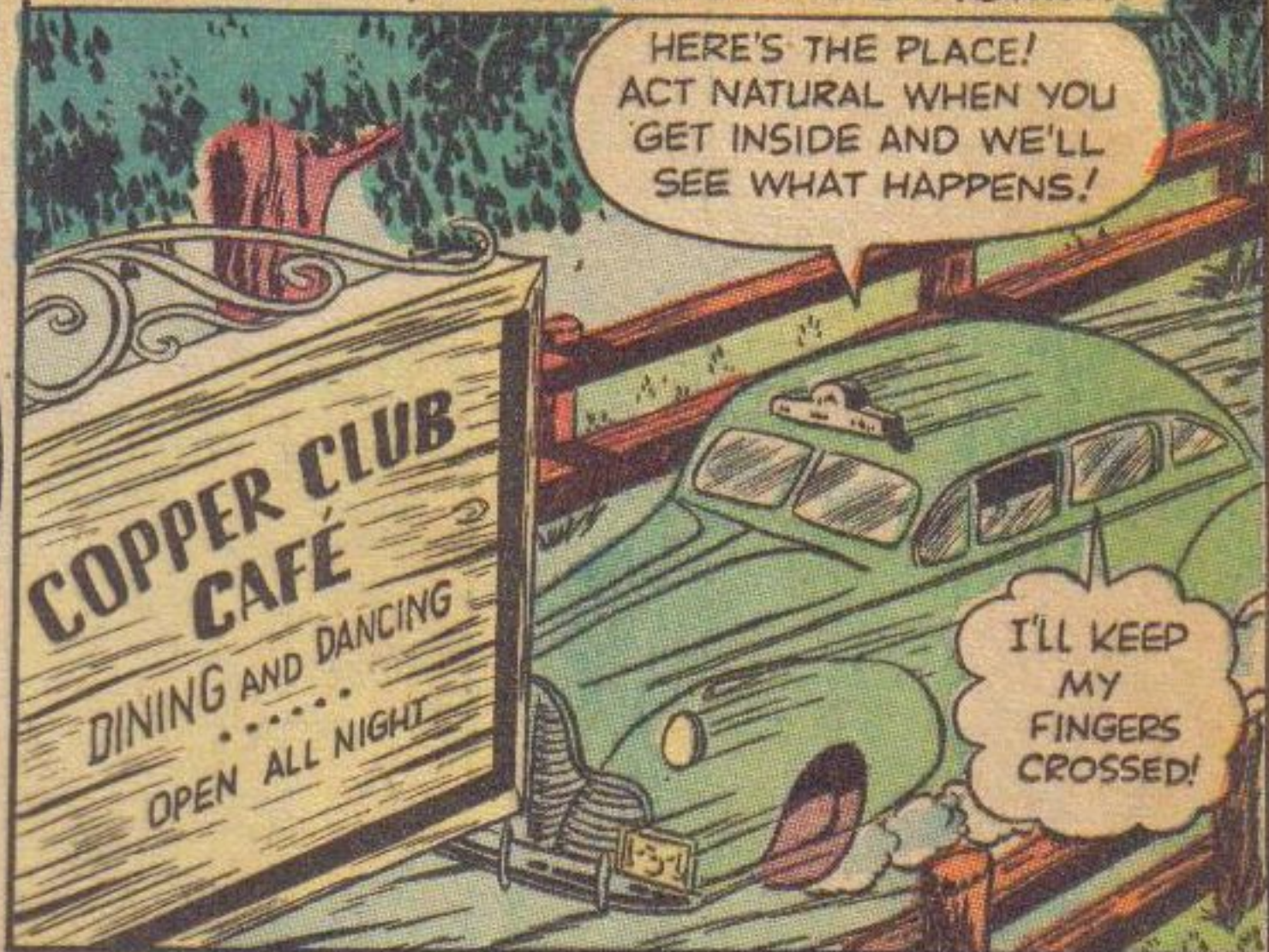
WHAT'S THAT,
BLUE BOLT?

SIGNS OF A
STRUGGLE! --AND
HERE'S A MATCH-FOLDER
FROM THE **COPPER
CLUB CAFÉ** -- MIGHT
BE A CLUE! THAT'S
WHERE WE'RE
HEADING!

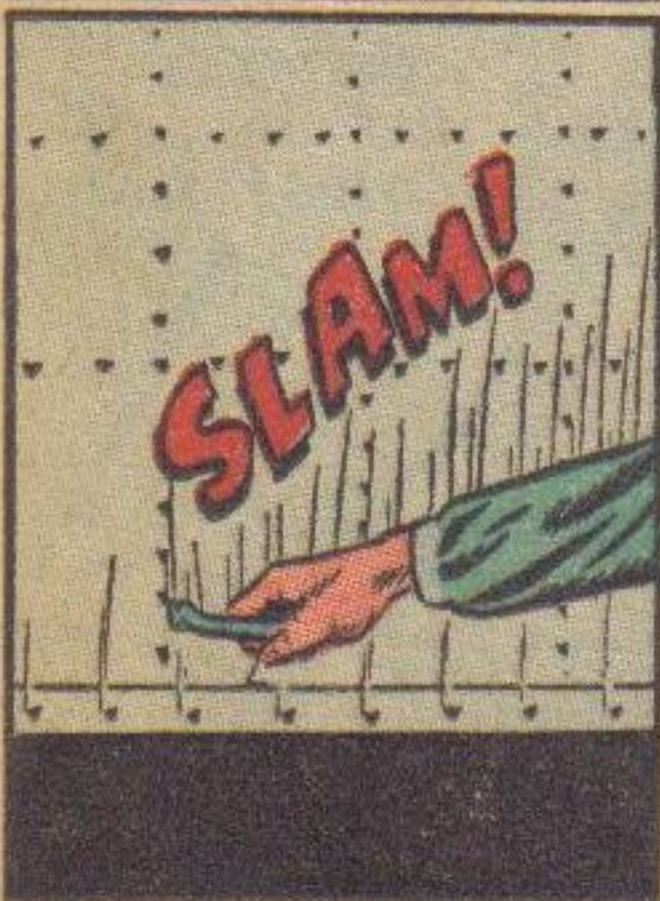
AT ONCE THEY GO AROUND FRONT TO THE CAB. **BLUE BOLT** GIVES DIRECTIONS ...



MINUTES LATER, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN ...



BUT -- SUDDENLY, A PANEL IN FRONT OF THE BOOTH SLAMS SHUT, TRAPPING THEM!



..WHILE, BEHIND THEM, THE WALL OPENS!...



YOU ASKED FOR THIS, CHUM! -- GET A MOVE ON!





THINKING QUICKLY, **BLUE BOLT** FORCES A SHOE OFF HIS HEEL AND BALANCES IT ON HIS TOE ...

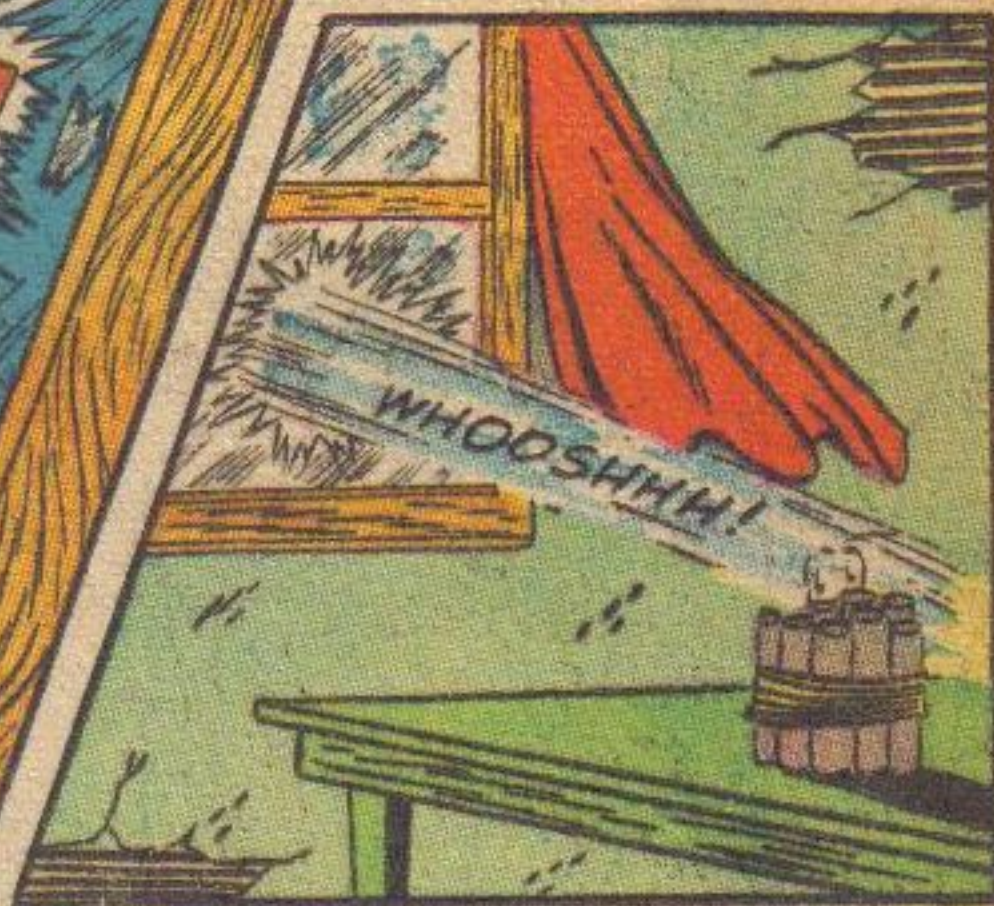
THIS OUGHT TO DO IT!



... THEN FLIPS IT THROUGH THE WINDOW!



AND FROM THE BROKEN WINDOW COMES A STRONG BREEZE, WHICH BLOWS OUT THE CANDLE!



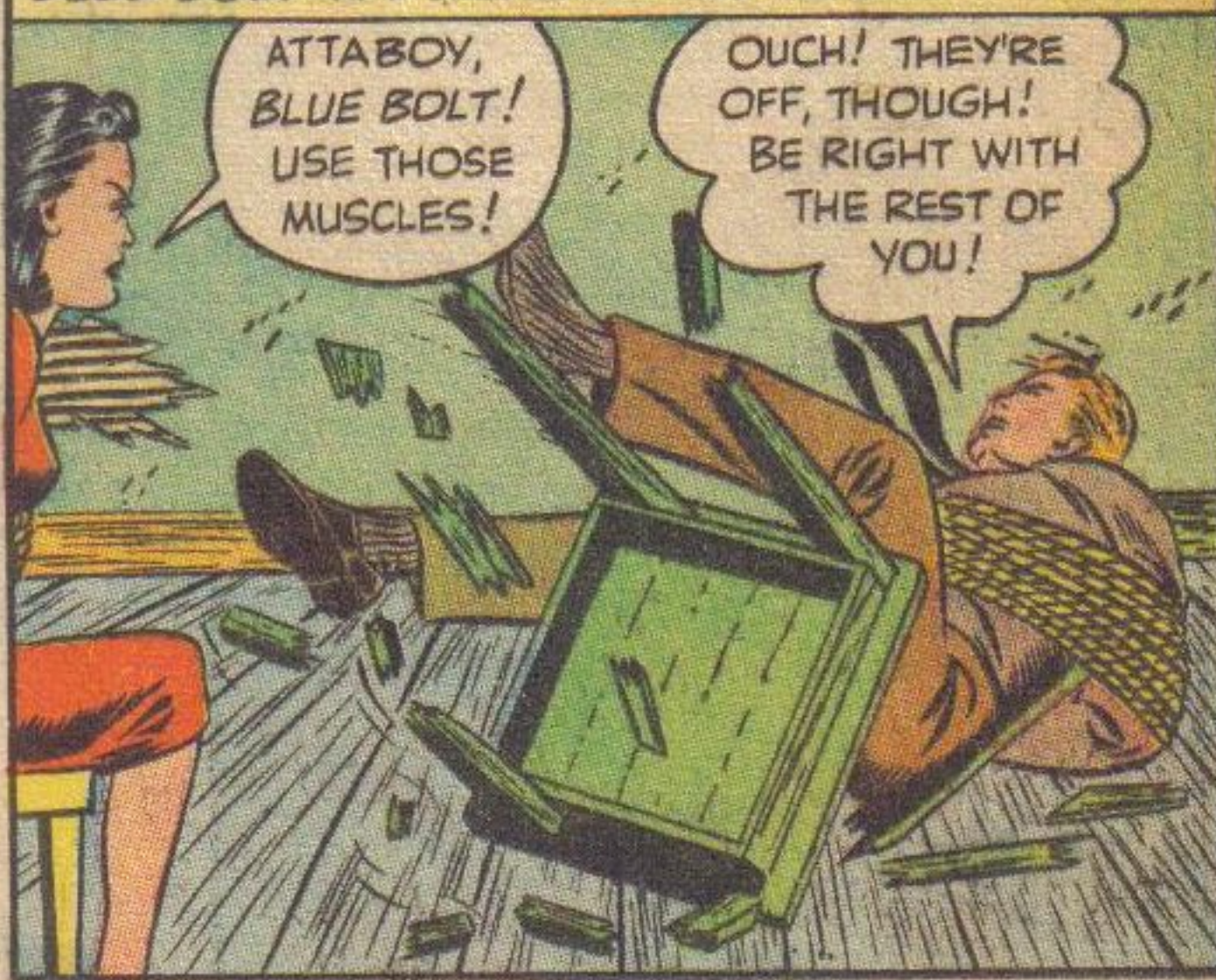
WHAT A RELIEF! NOW TO GET THIS CHAIR UNTANGLED!



BLUE BOLT TIPS BACKWARD -- AND THE CHAIR SPLINTERS!

ATTABOY, **BLUE BOLT**! USE THOSE MUSCLES!

OUCH! THEY'RE OFF, THOUGH! BE RIGHT WITH THE REST OF YOU!



COME ON! HURRY! WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING!

TAKE IT EASY, KID! I'LL HAVE YOU LOOSE IN A SECOND!

WHAT NOW?



YOU GET IN A CALL FOR THE POLICE! I'LL GO AFTER THE MEN! I DON'T THINK THEY'VE LEFT YET!

OKAY! WE'LL HOP TO IT!



A MOMENT LATER -- **BLUE BOLT** IS IN FRONT OF THE COPPER CLUB ...

THERE THEY ARE -- AND THEY NEVER HEARD THE WINDOW BREAK! NOW FOR SOME ACTION!

THEN ...

WHAT TH ---
DUCK!

MISSED, PAL!
TWO STRIKES ARE **OUT** IN THIS LEAGUE!

OOF!

WHAT'S THE MATTER?
YOU WERE PLENTY TOUGH A LITTLE WHILE AGO!

YOU PIGS!
WAIT UNTIL I GET FINISHED WITH YOU!

'BUT...

THERE! HOW'D YOU LIKE THAT?

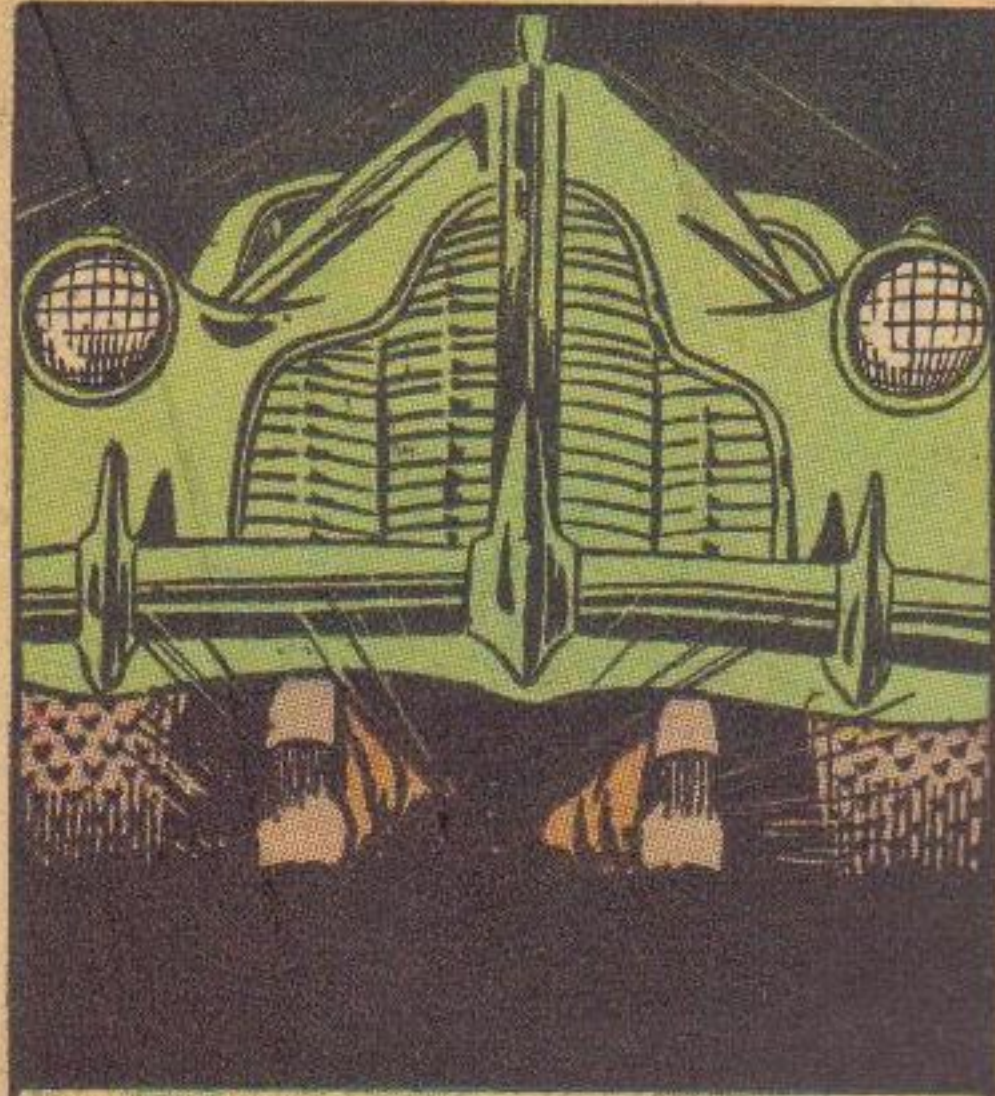
GET OUT OF THE WAY -- I'LL RUN OVER HIM!

RRRR-RR/RRRR!

THE DRIVER LETS IN THE CLUTCH -- THE CAR SHOOT'S FORWARD!

GET HIM, JOE!

HEY!
WHAT----



BLUE BOLT STRAIGHTENS OUT--AND THE CAR PASSES HARMLESSLY OVER HIM!...

HE SCRAMBLES TO HIS FEET!

SO THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT TO PLAY, HUH?



... AND GRABS THE LEADER!

YOUR FACE IS GONNA LOOK LIKE MUSH, FELLER!



ONE MAN GOES TO FIRE, BUT A SHOT RINGS OUT!

...AND THERE'S YOUR MUSH!

POLICE! AWK!--I'M SHOT!

SPLAT

BANG!

BANG!



YOU SURE MESSED 'EM UP, SOLDIER!

SAY! WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THESE MUGS A LONG TIME!



WELL, WE CLEANED OUT THAT GANG, ALL RIGHT!

YEAH! BUT THAT'S NOT FINDING THE MISSING FORMULA!

HA! DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT ANY LONGER!

WHERE IS IT, THEN?

I HAD THE WHOLE THING TATTOOED ON MY HEAD--THE HAIR COVERS IT COMPLETELY--PRETTY GOOD, EH?

I'LL SAY SO!--FOOLED THE GESTAPO AND ME, TOO!

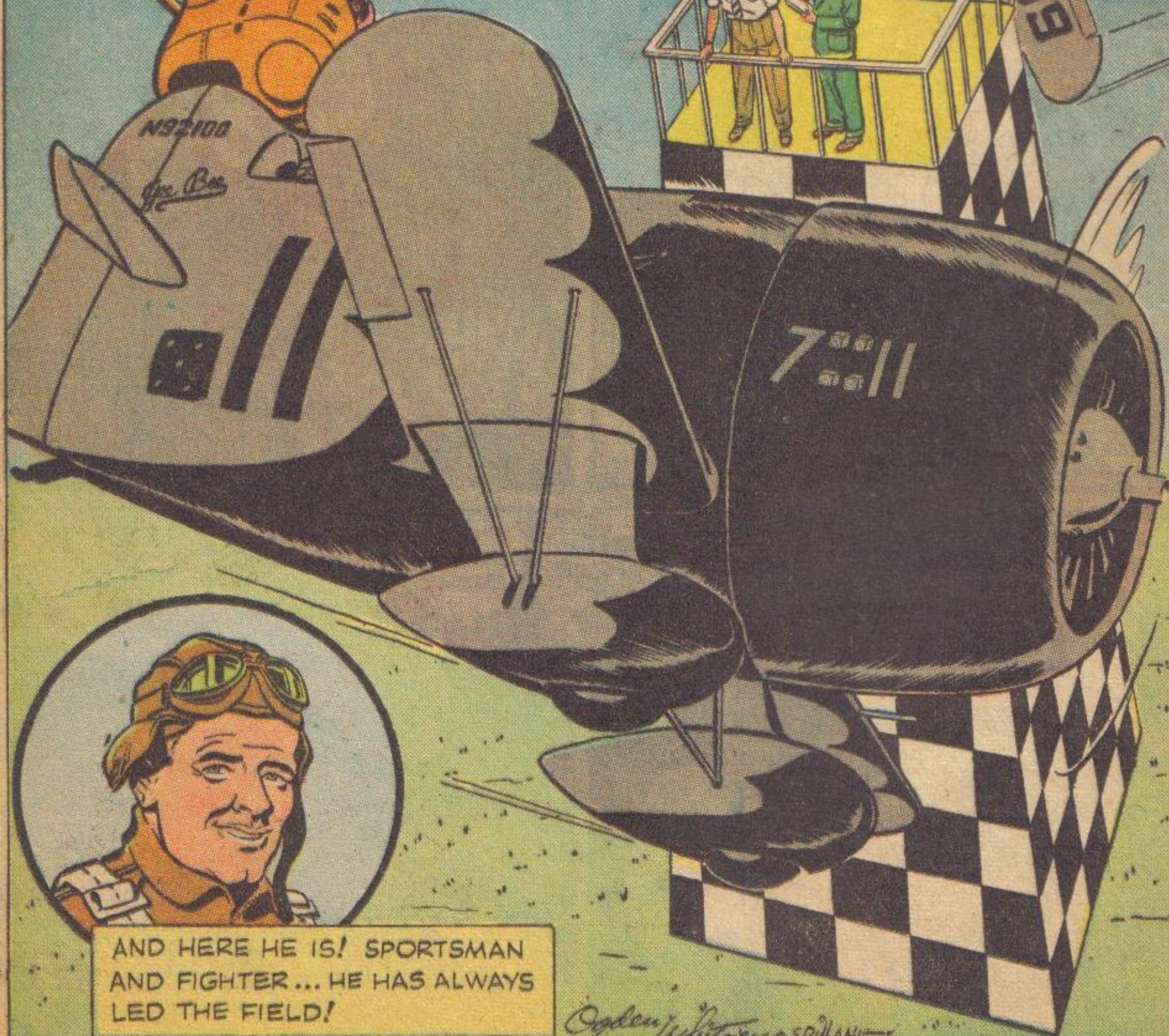
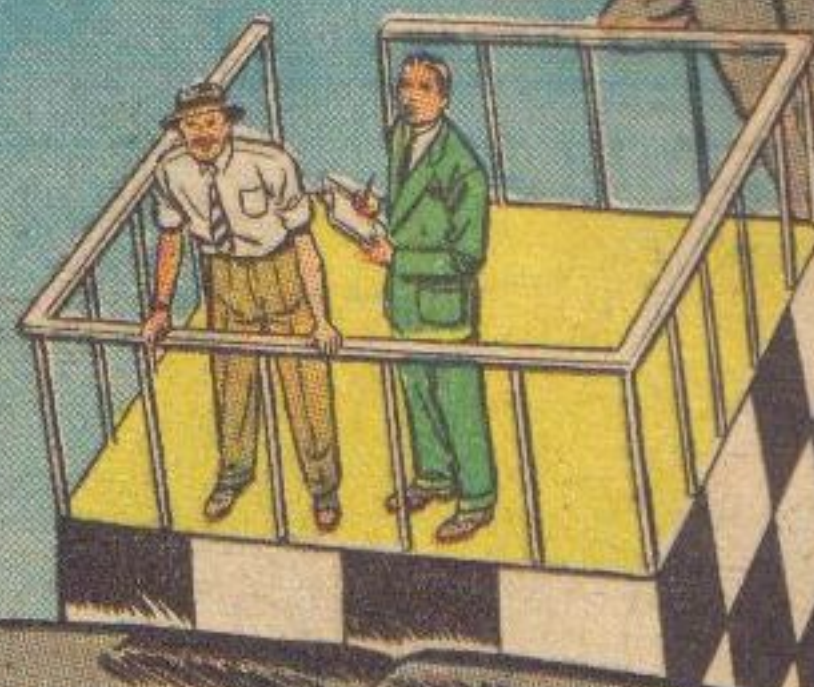


BLUE BOLT RETURNS NEXT MONTH WITH A SPINE-TINGLING ADVENTURE IN THE BULLET-PACKED SKIES!

OLD CAP HAWKINS' TRUE TALES



JOEY, ONE OF THE
GREATEST MEN IN AVIATION
HISTORY HAS AGAIN BECOME
WORLD-FAMOUS. HIS NAME IS
**BRIGADIER-GENERAL
JIMMY DOOLITTLE!**



AND HERE HE IS! SPORTSMAN
AND FIGHTER... HE HAS ALWAYS
LED THE FIELD!

Caplan Whitney + SPILLANE

WORLD WAR I FOUND JIMMY DOOLITTLE ENLISTED IN THE ARMY SIGNAL CORPS, AVIATION SECTION...

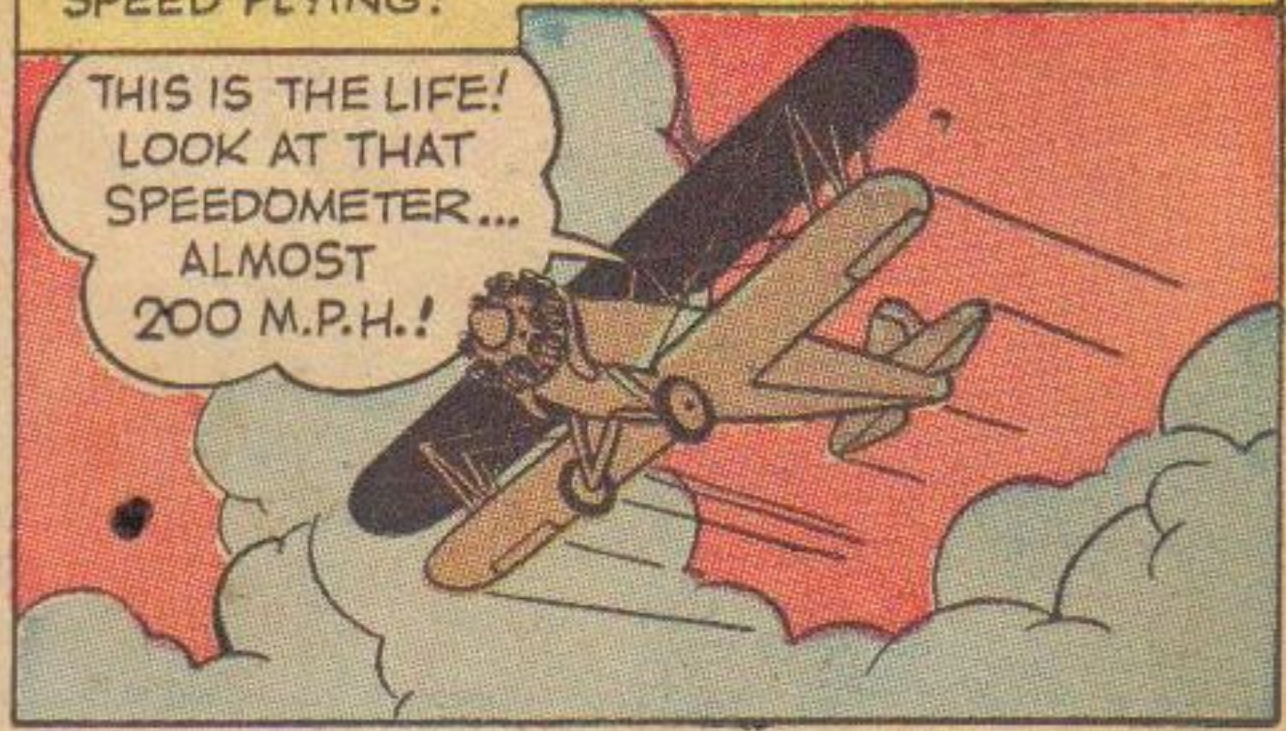
WHAT'S THIS I HEAR, JIMMY? WE'RE NOT GOING "OVER THERE"!

THIS IS THE SECOND TIME, TOO! AND THE WAR'S ABOUT OVER!



MUCH TO HIS DISGUST, JIMMY NEVER WENT OVER. AFTER THE WAR HE TURNED TO SPEED FLYING!

THIS IS THE LIFE! LOOK AT THAT SPEEDOMETER... ALMOST 200 M.P.H.!



IN THE EARLY 1920'S, AVIATORS WERE TALKING ABOUT COAST-TO-COAST FLIGHTS THAT WOULD TAKE LESS THAN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, SO JIMMY DECIDED TO TAKE A CRACK AT IT!

ALL SET NOW?

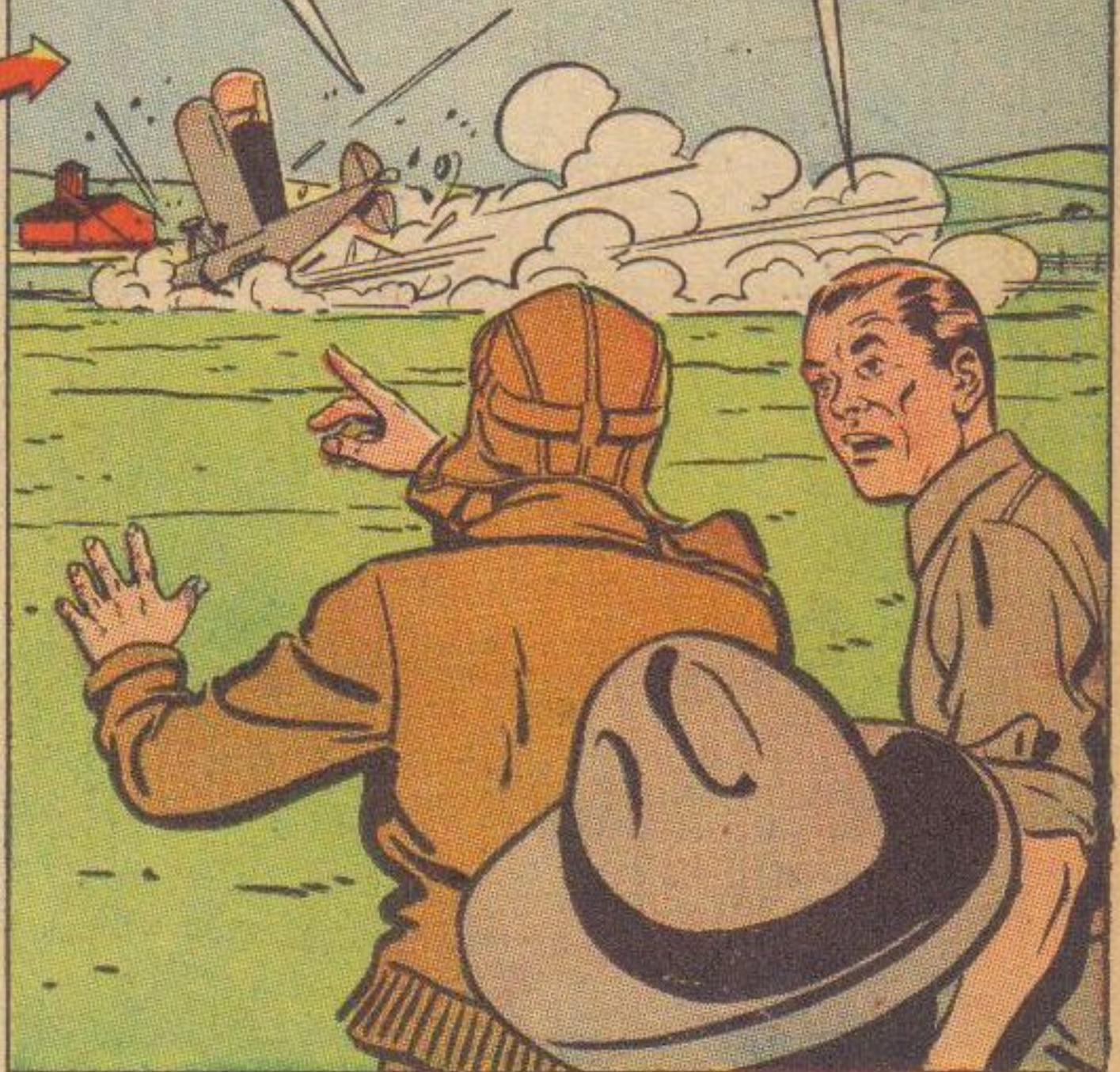
YEP! SO LONG, FELLOWS!



BUT, AS THE PLANE NEARED THE END OF THE FIELD....

HE CRASHED! GET OUT THE TRUCKS!

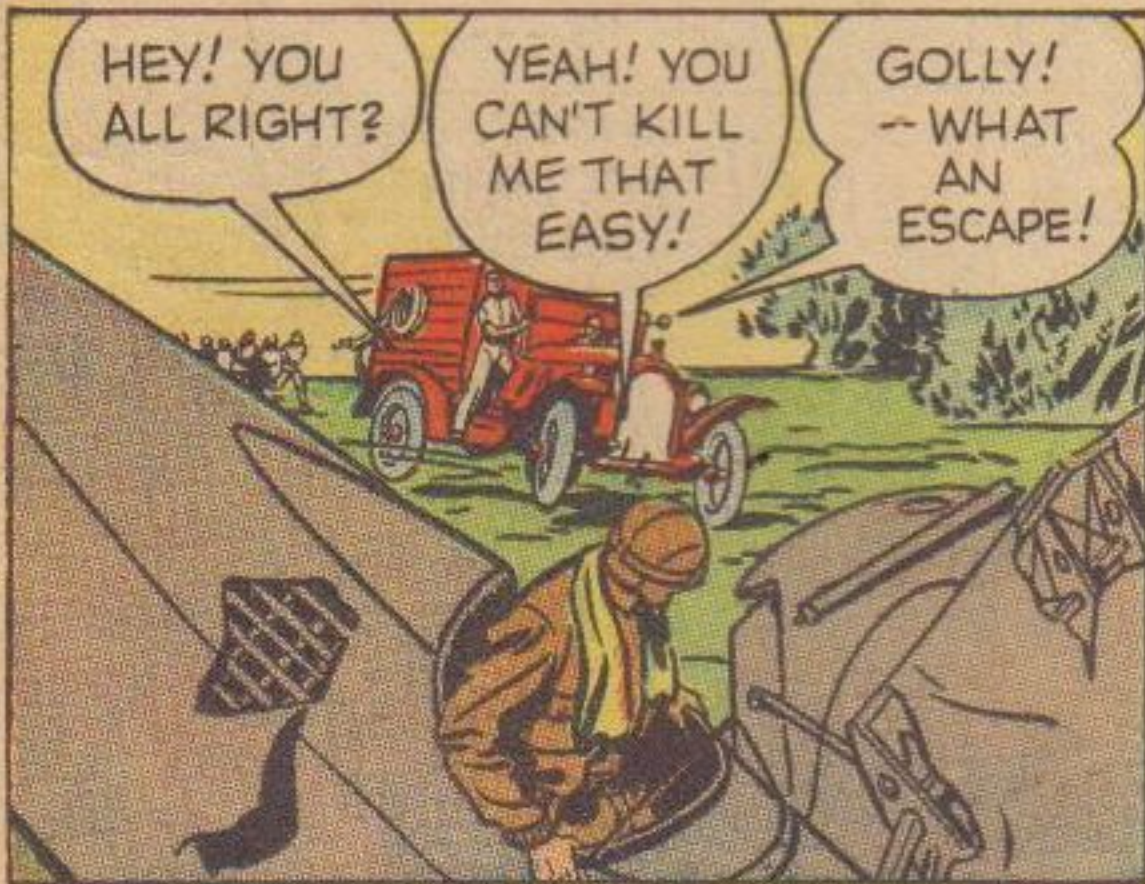
IT MUST'VE BEEN TOO HEAVY TO TAKE OFF! COME ON!



HEY! YOU ALL RIGHT?

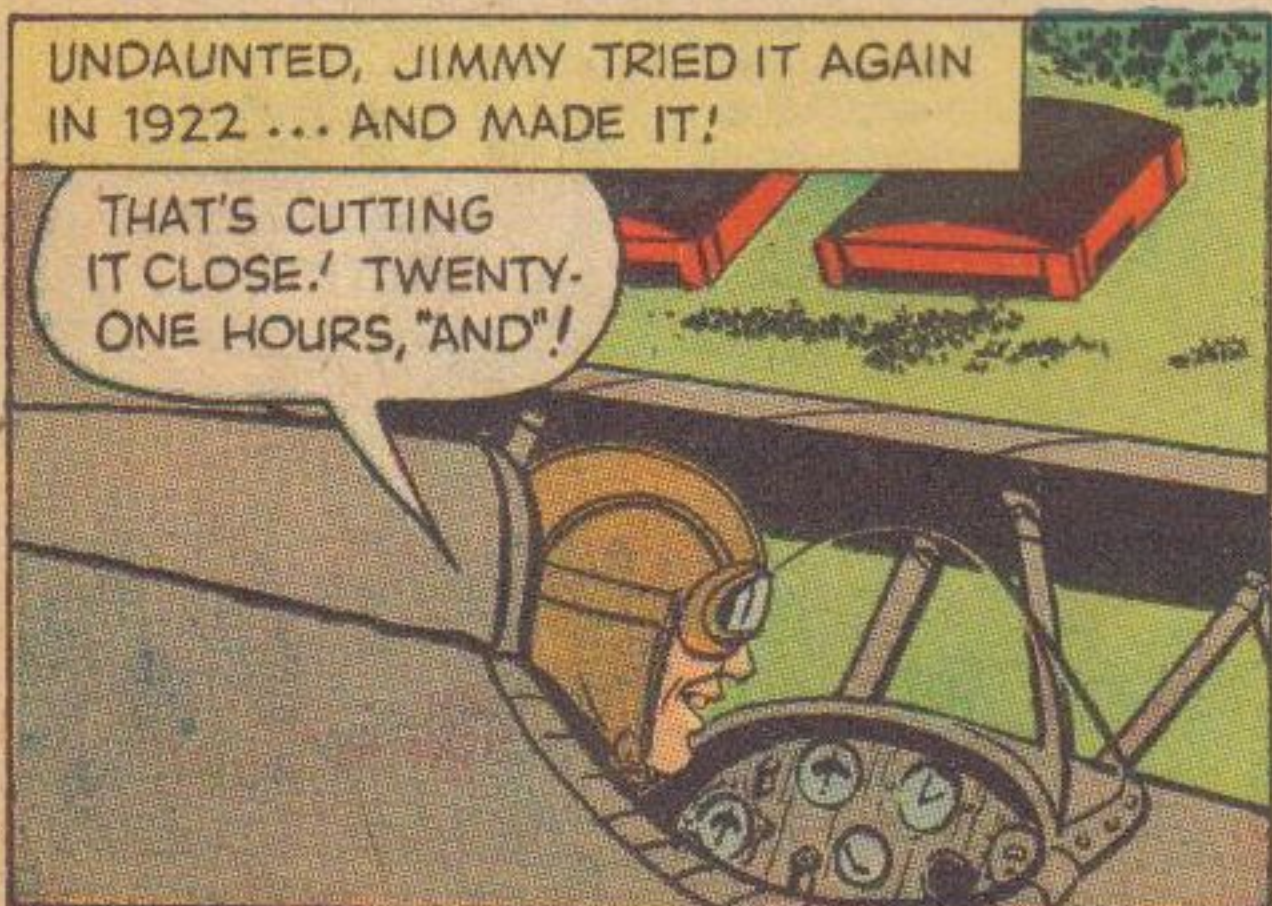
YEAH! YOU CAN'T KILL ME THAT EASY!

GOLLY! -- WHAT AN ESCAPE!



UNDAUNTED, JIMMY TRIED IT AGAIN IN 1922 ... AND MADE IT!

THAT'S CUTTING IT CLOSE! TWENTY-ONE HOURS, "AND"!



YOU REALLY DID SOME TALL FLYING!

THANKS! MAYBE I'LL TRY IT AGAIN SOMETIME!



AND HE DID! NINE YEARS LATER, HE CUT HIS OWN RECORD IN HALF!

1924 ... THE SCHNEIDER CUP RACE! AND JIMMY LEADS THE PACK TO WIN!

FLYING THAT NAVY SEAPLANE MAKES DOOLITTLE THE ONLY ADMIRAL IN THE ARMY!

MAN! THAT BOY IS GOOD! LOOK AT HIM GO!



TWO YEARS LATER, JIMMY FLEW ACROSS THE ANDES MOUNTAINS WITH BOTH LEGS IN A CAST -- THE RESULT OF A CRASH!

WHAT WILD COUNTRY! I'D HATE TO BE FORCED DOWN HERE!



THE FOLLOWING YEAR, JIMMY THRILLS THE CROWD ... AT AN EXHIBITION OF ARMY FLYING...

LOOK! ... HE'S DOING AN OUTSIDE LOOP!

WOW! HE'S THE FIRST ARMY PILOT TO DO THAT!



THEN, THE BENDIX TROPHY RACE! A NON-STOP FLIGHT FROM COAST-TO-COAST! IMMEDIATELY JIMMY ENTERS....

HERE'S WHERE I HAVE TO DO SOME TALL TRAVELING TO BEAT OUT THESE PLANES!



...AND THE WINNER IS ---

JIMMY DOOLITTLE! HE'S DONE IT AGAIN!

WHAT A GUY DOOLITTLE! HE SURE CAN FLY!



IN 1930...

WELL, FELLOWS, I'M RETIRING FROM THE ARMY TO ENTER COMMERCIAL FLYING! SO LONG TO YOU ALL!

SO LONG, JIMMY! BET YOU'RE BACK BEFORE LONG, THOUGH!



BUT CAME THE DAY OF DECEMBER 7, 1941...

"JAPAN HAS JUST ATTACKED PEARL HARBOR! --- STAND BY

THOSE BLASTED JAPS! WHERE'S MY ENLISTMENT STATION?



AND SO
JIMMY DOOLITTLE
WENT TO WAR
ONCE AGAIN!

NOTHING WAS
HEARD OF HIM,
NOR WAS HIS
WHEREABOUTS
GENERALLY
KNOWN,
UNTIL,
ONE DAY...

... A FLIGHT OF AMERICAN BOMBERS APPEARED OVER TOKYO!

WHAT? --
AMERICANS?

LOOK AT THOSE
FACES! ARE
THEY
SURPRISED!

THEN ... OVER THE JAP FACTORIES ---

THERE'S THE
TARGET! GIVE
IT TO 'EM!

IT'S A
PLEASURE!

COME ON, JAPPIES!
... FOR PETE'S SAKE!
THEIR ANTI-AIRCRAFT
IS HITTING THEIR
OWN BALLOONS!

LOOK AT THAT!
... THEIR PURSUIT
SHIPS CAN'T
CATCH US!

SHORT HOURS LATER, THE FLIGHT, STILL
INTACT, LANDS AT THEIR BASE

HERE THEY
COME ... EVERY
ONE OF THEM!

THAT WAS A
QUICK JOB!

THEN COMES A CALL FROM THE WHITE HOUSE!
JIMMY DOOLITTLE RETURNS HOME TO BE
REWARDED BY THE PRESIDENT!

YOU DID A GREAT
THING, GENERAL!
THE AMERICAN
PEOPLE ARE
PROUD OF
YOU!

THANK
YOU,
SIR!

SO LONG FOR A LITTLE
WHILE, FOLKS! THERE'S
STILL A BIG JOB AHEAD!
-- ONE THAT WE'RE
GOING TO DO UP
RIGHT!

Sergeant Spook



KAPITAN
JORDAN

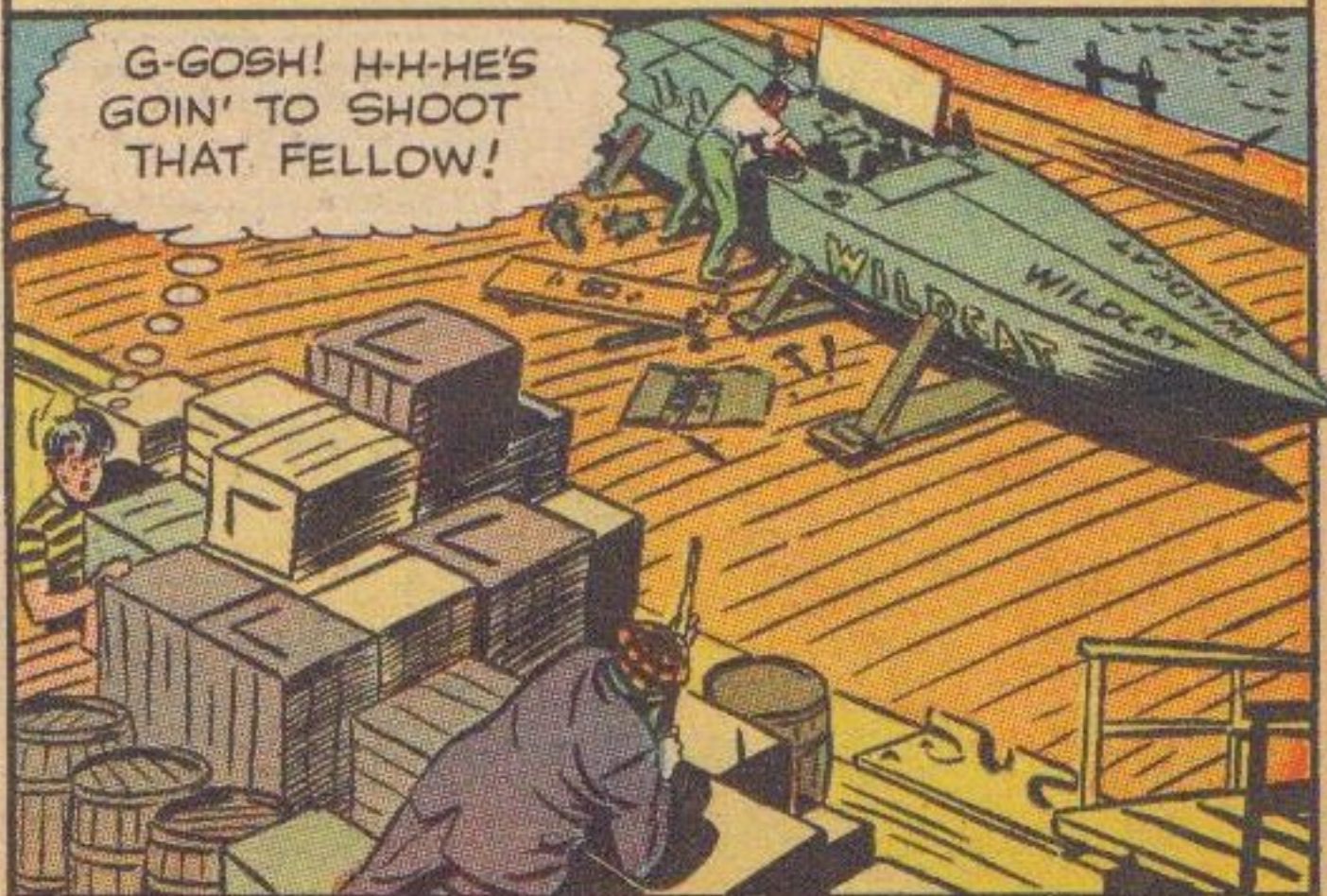
CAN A SPEEDBOAT WIN A WAR? THAT QUESTION WAS UPPERMOST IN THE MIND OF SERGEANT SPOOK'S PSYCHIC FRIEND, JERRY! HE FOUND THE MYSTERIOUS ANSWER TO THAT CHALLENGING QUESTION MIXED UP IN A TANGLE OF INTRIGUE AND -- **MURDER!**

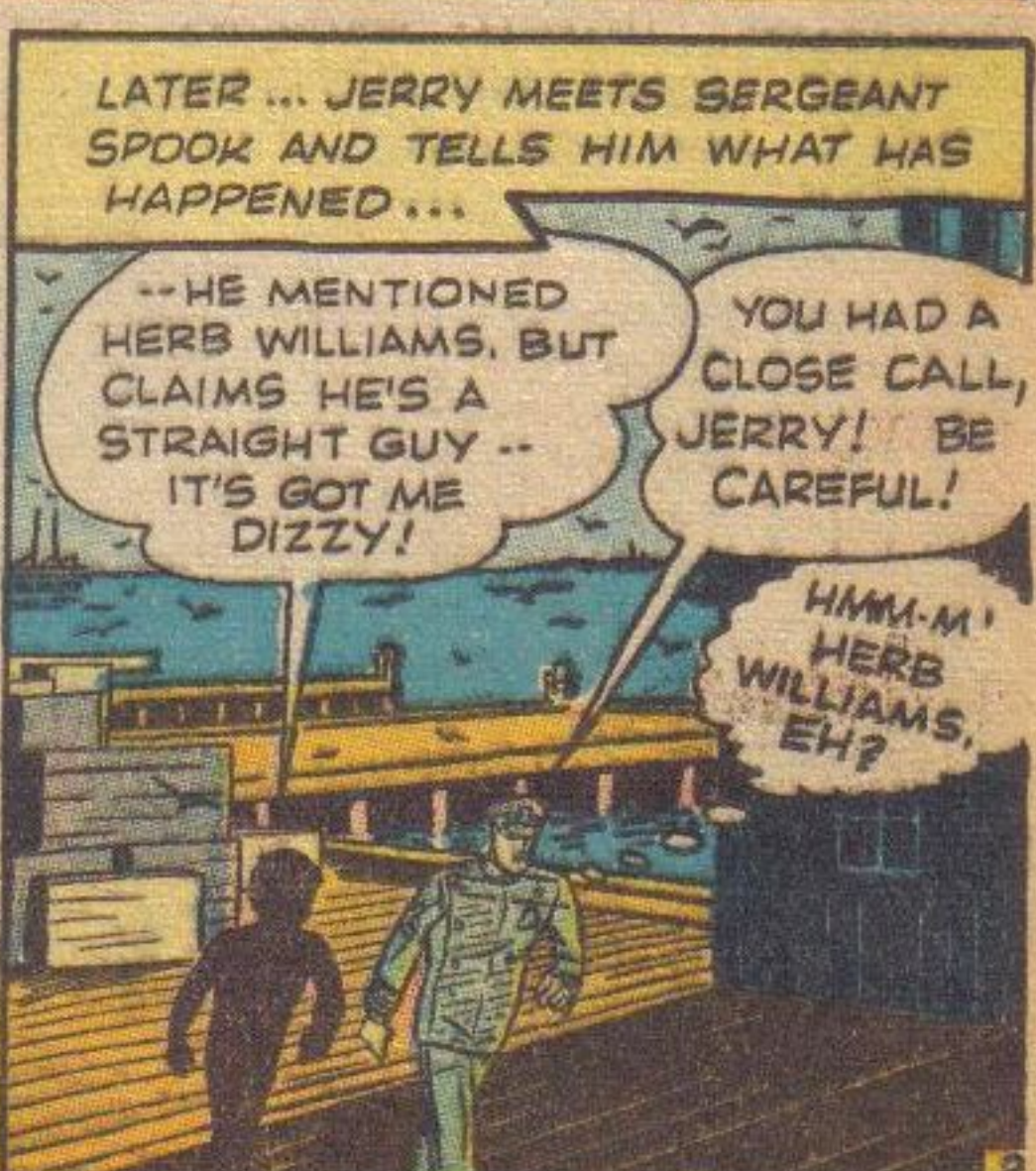
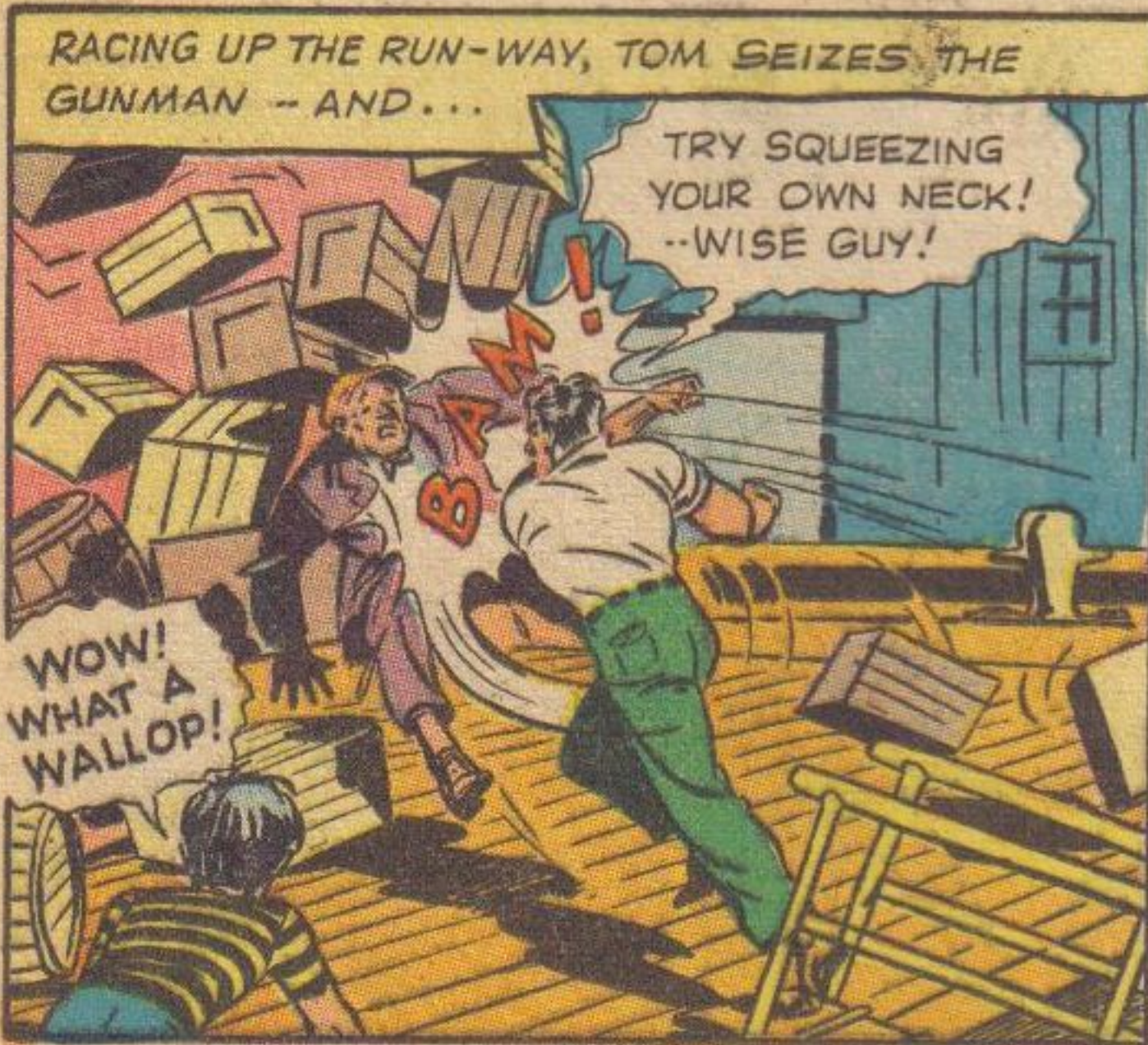
HE PASSES A PILE OF CRATES TO SEE . . .

AS JERRY WALKS ALONG THE WATERFRONT . . .

LOOK AT THAT BOAT GO! WHEE! REMINDS ME OF THE 100-MILE SPEEDBOAT RACE THAT TAKES PLACE TOMORROW!

G-GOSH! H-H-HE'S GOIN' TO SHOOT THAT FELLOW!







LATER...

SO THAT'S
HERB WILLIAMS'
BOAT!

WE MUST WIN, BEN!
WE NEED THAT
FIVE THOUSAND
DOLLAR PRIZE!

YEAH...OR WE'RE
IN THE HOLE FOR
THAT SAME AMOUNT
OF MONEY!



JUST
THEN...

I CAN MAKE SURE
YOU WIN THAT RACE,
FELLA!

HUH?

THE GUNMAN
JERRY SPOKE
ABOUT!



YEAH! FER
ONE GRAND...
I CAN THROW
THE RACE YOUR
WAY!



I WANT TO WIN,
BUT NOT YOUR
WAY! ... BUM!

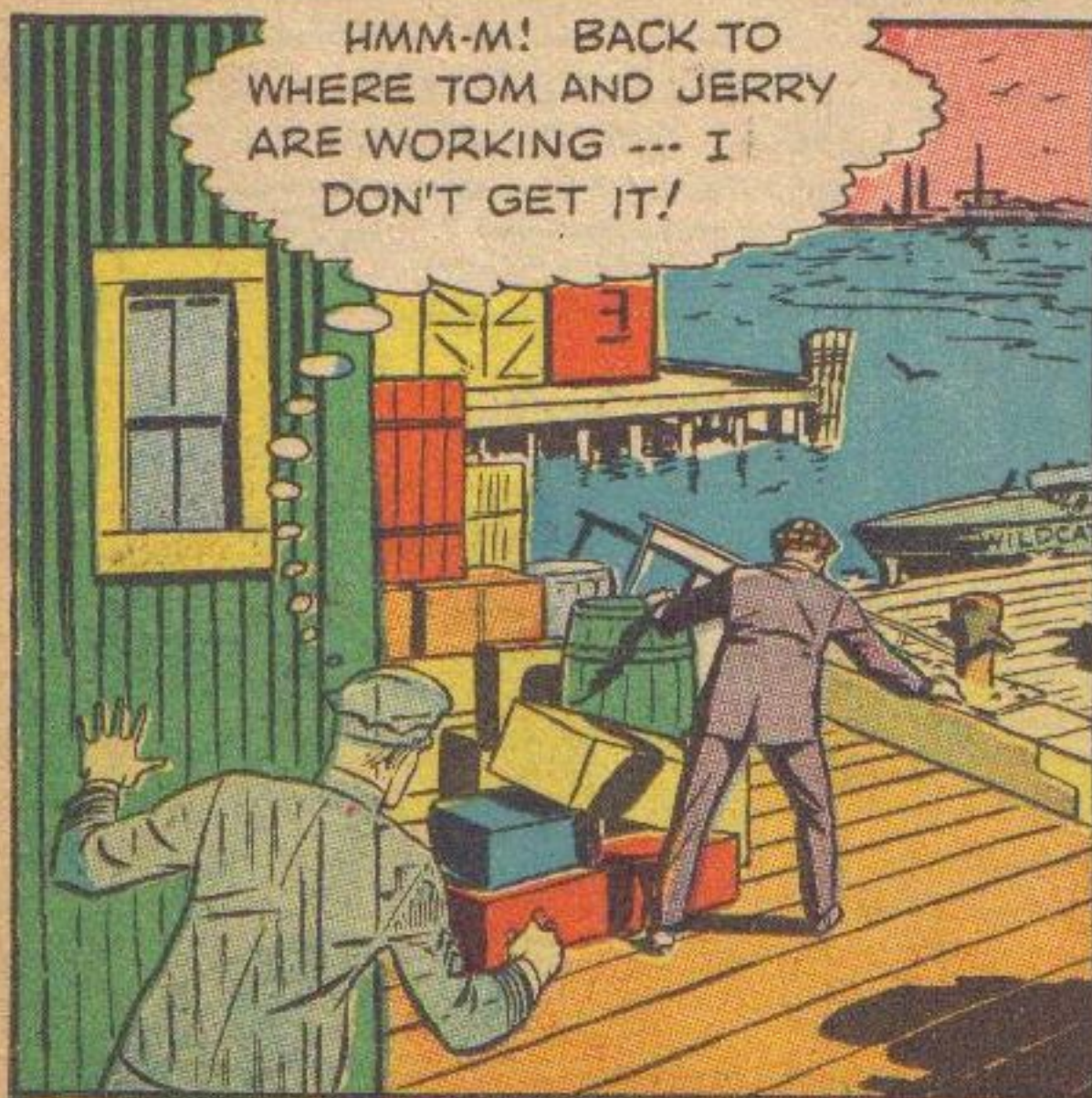
BEAT IT!
BEFORE I
LOOSEN YOUR NUT
WITH THIS WRENCH!

HEY!
OLF!



WILLIAMS IS
O.K.! THE TROUBLE
LIES WITH THAT
THUG --- BETTER
TRAIL HIM!

I AIN'T
HAD ME LAST
SAY, YET!



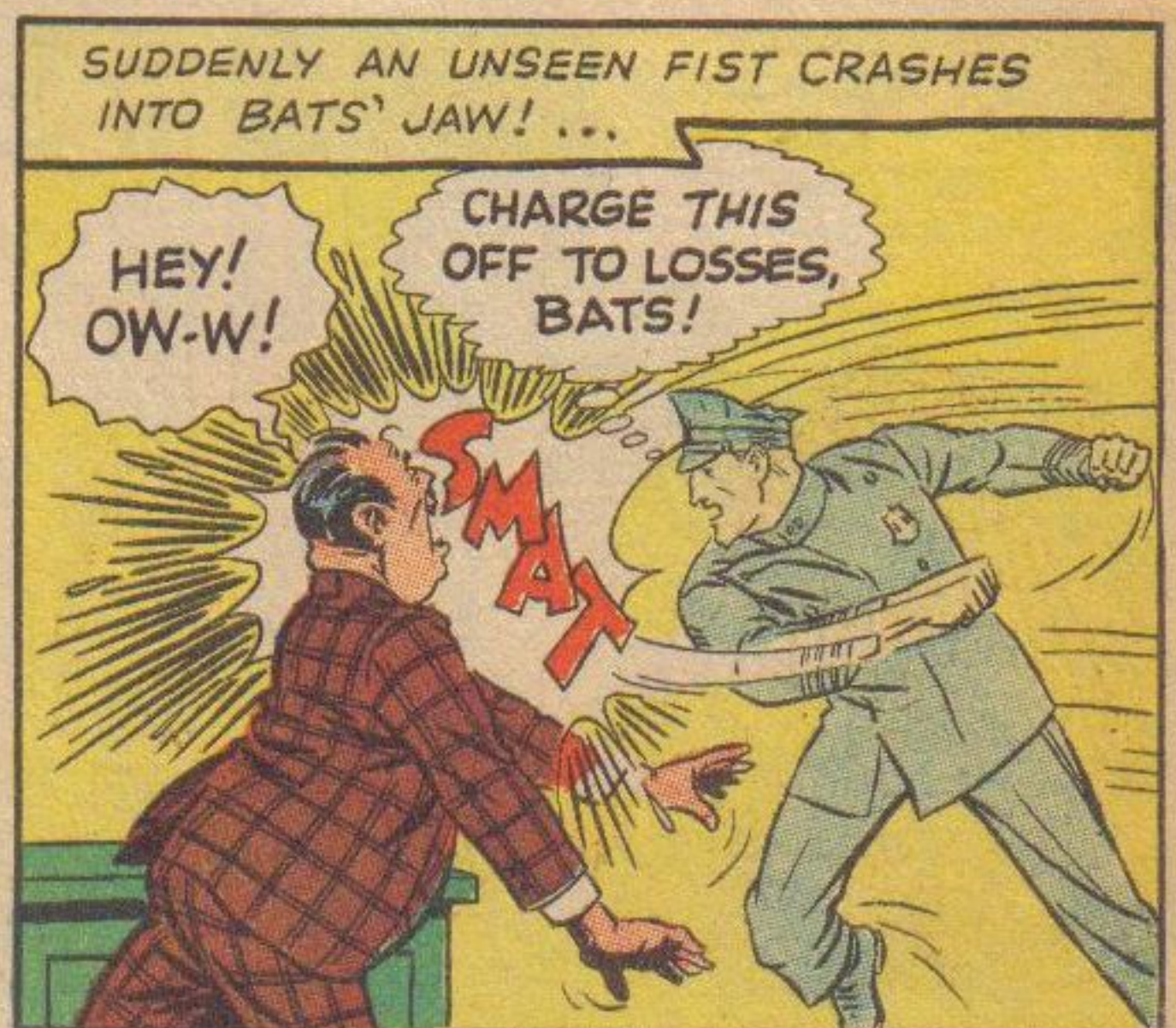
HMM-M! BACK TO
WHERE TOM AND JERRY
ARE WORKING --- I
DON'T GET IT!

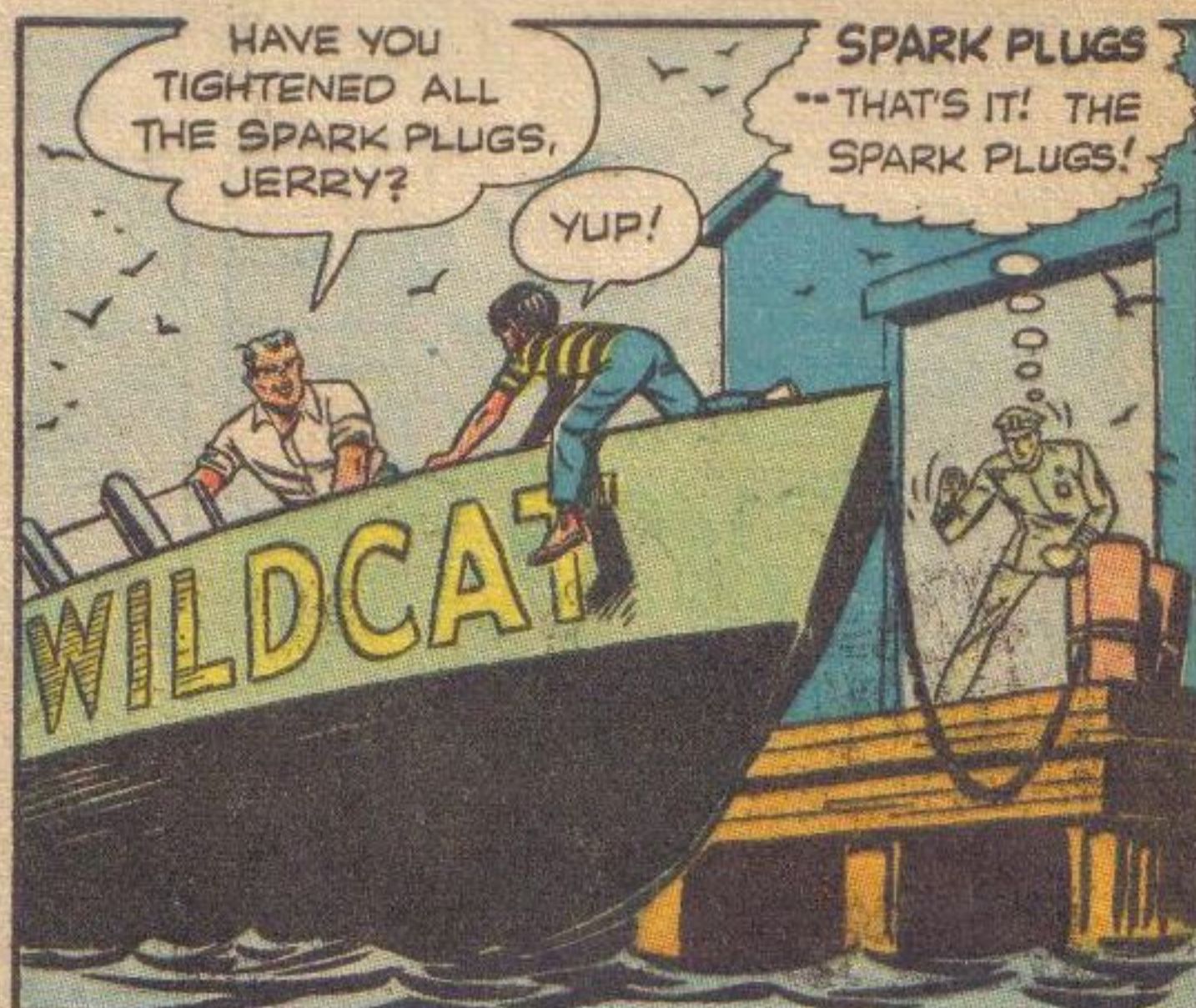
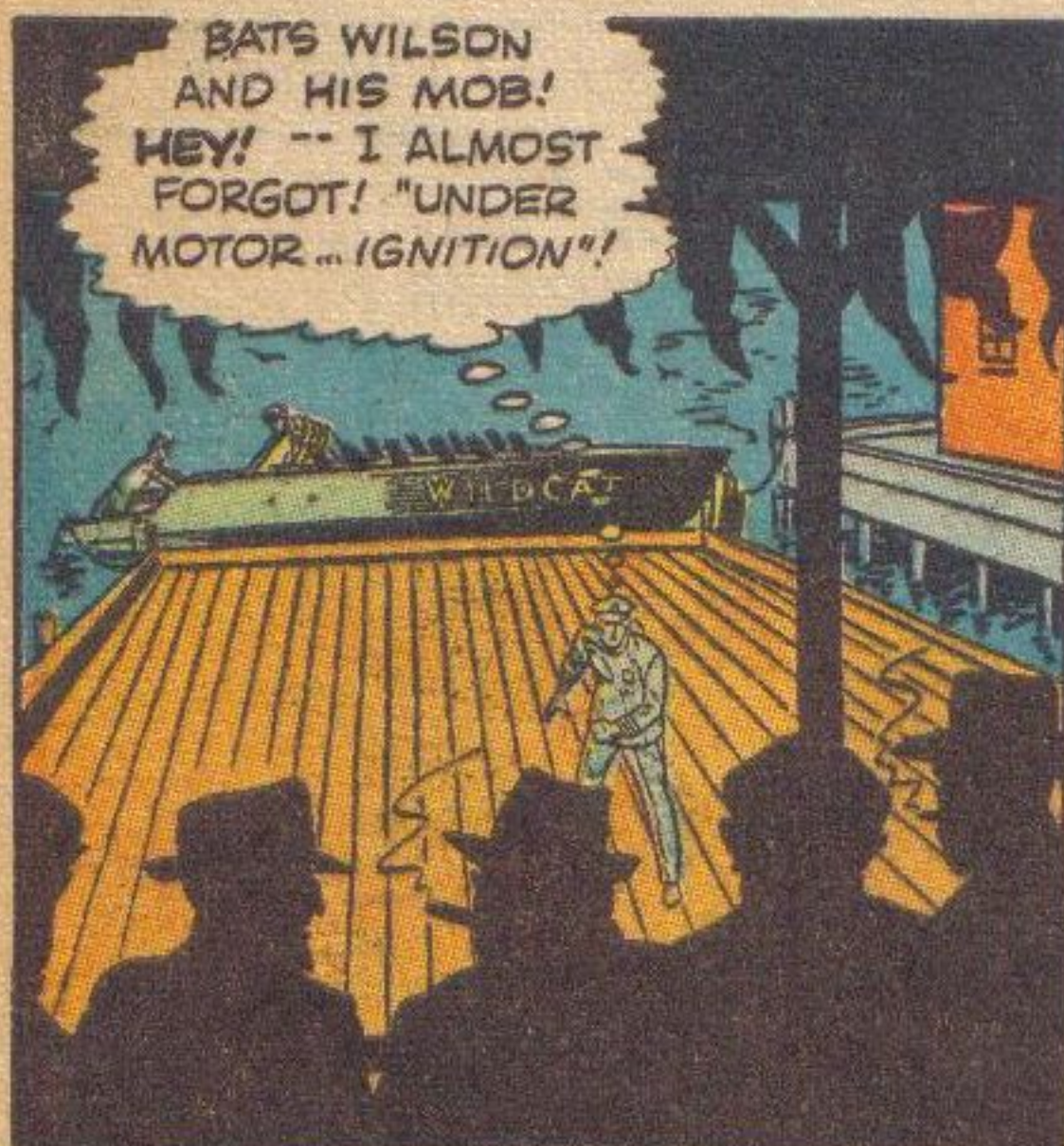


WHAT'S THAT
STUFF YOU PUT
INTO THE GAS
TANK, TOM?

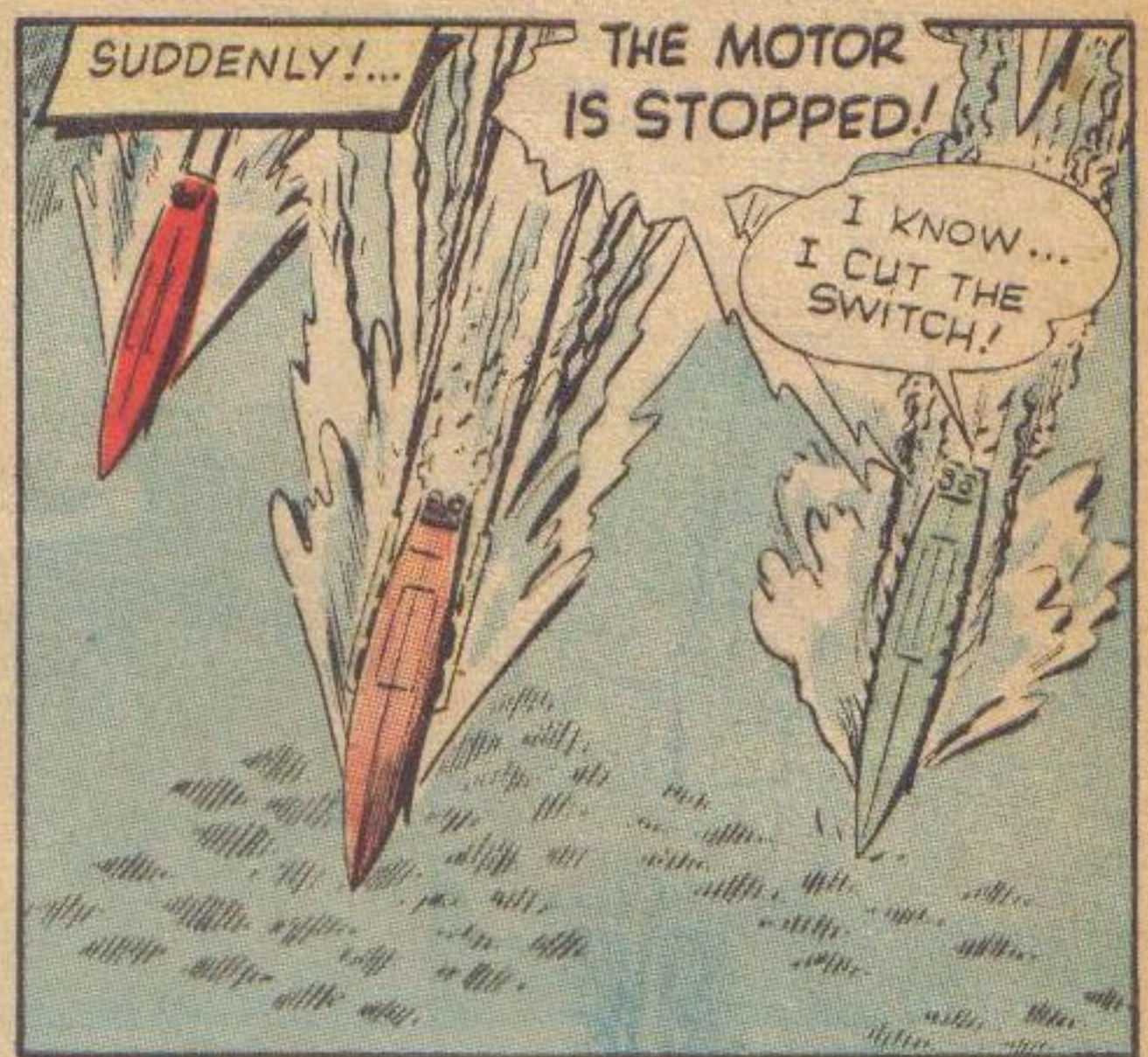
SECRET?
WAS HE
KIDDING?

CAN'T TELL
YOU YET, JERRY!
IT'S A MILITARY
SECRET!
HA-HA!





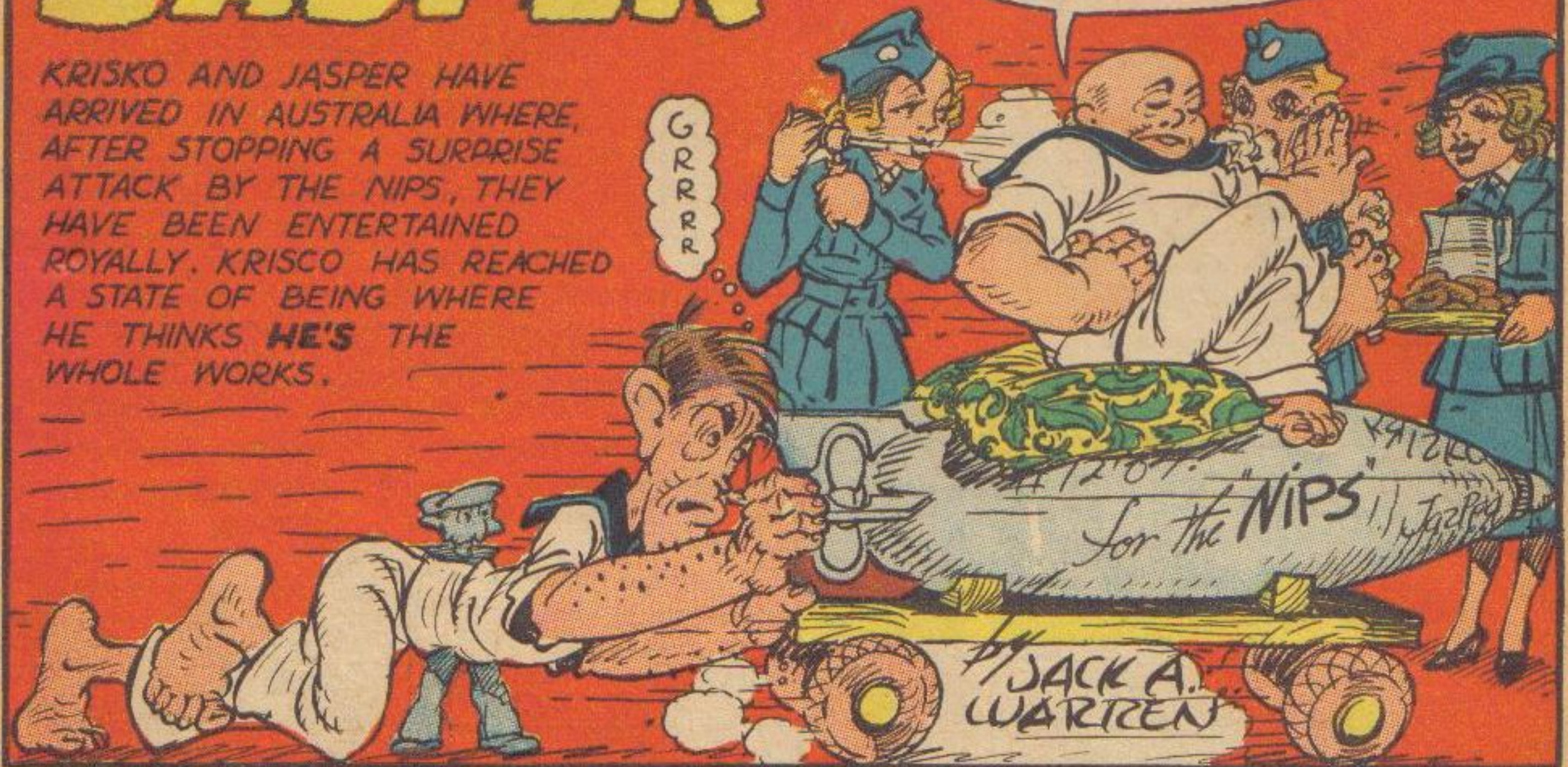




KRISKO and JASPER

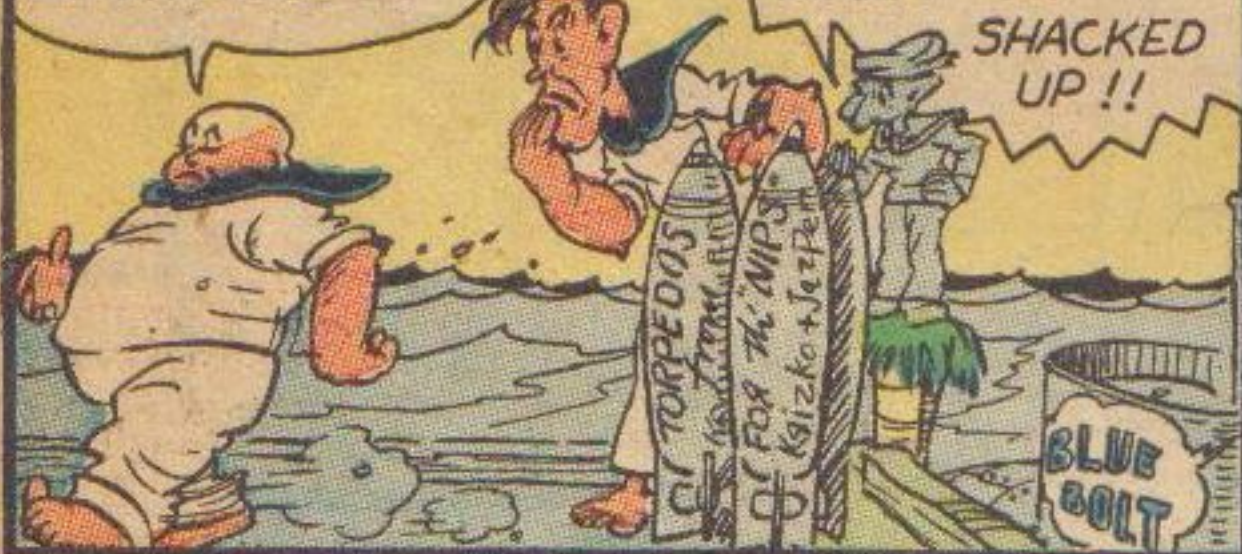
KRISKO AND JASPER HAVE ARRIVED IN AUSTRALIA WHERE, AFTER STOPPING A SURPRISE ATTACK BY THE NIPS, THEY HAVE BEEN ENTERTAINED ROYALLY. KRISKO HAS REACHED A STATE OF BEING WHERE HE THINKS HE'S THE WHOLE WORKS.

DON'T BOTHER ME NOW LADIES! I MUST LOAD THESE MISSILES OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION ONTO MY SEA GOIN' BATTLE WAGON "THE BLUE BOLT" AND BE ON MY WAY TO PROTECT YOU AND YOUR FAIR LAND. COME ON, JASPER! PUSH!



YOU LOAD THESE TIN FISH ON BOARD TH' BLUE BOLT--- I HAVE AN IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT!

THAT'S BILGE! LOWER TH' BOOM ON HIM- 'PEARS LIKE HE'S GONE DUSTY OR SHACKED UP!!



MIDNIGHT AND HE AIN'T BACK YET- TH' ADMIRAL TOLD US TO GIT UNDER WAY PRONTO!

LE'S GO FIND TH' BILGE RAT!



JASPER AND LEWT (THE WEE MAN THEY CAN'T SEE AT ALL) START OUT TO FIND KRISKO, THE LITTLE OL' GAD-ABOUT.

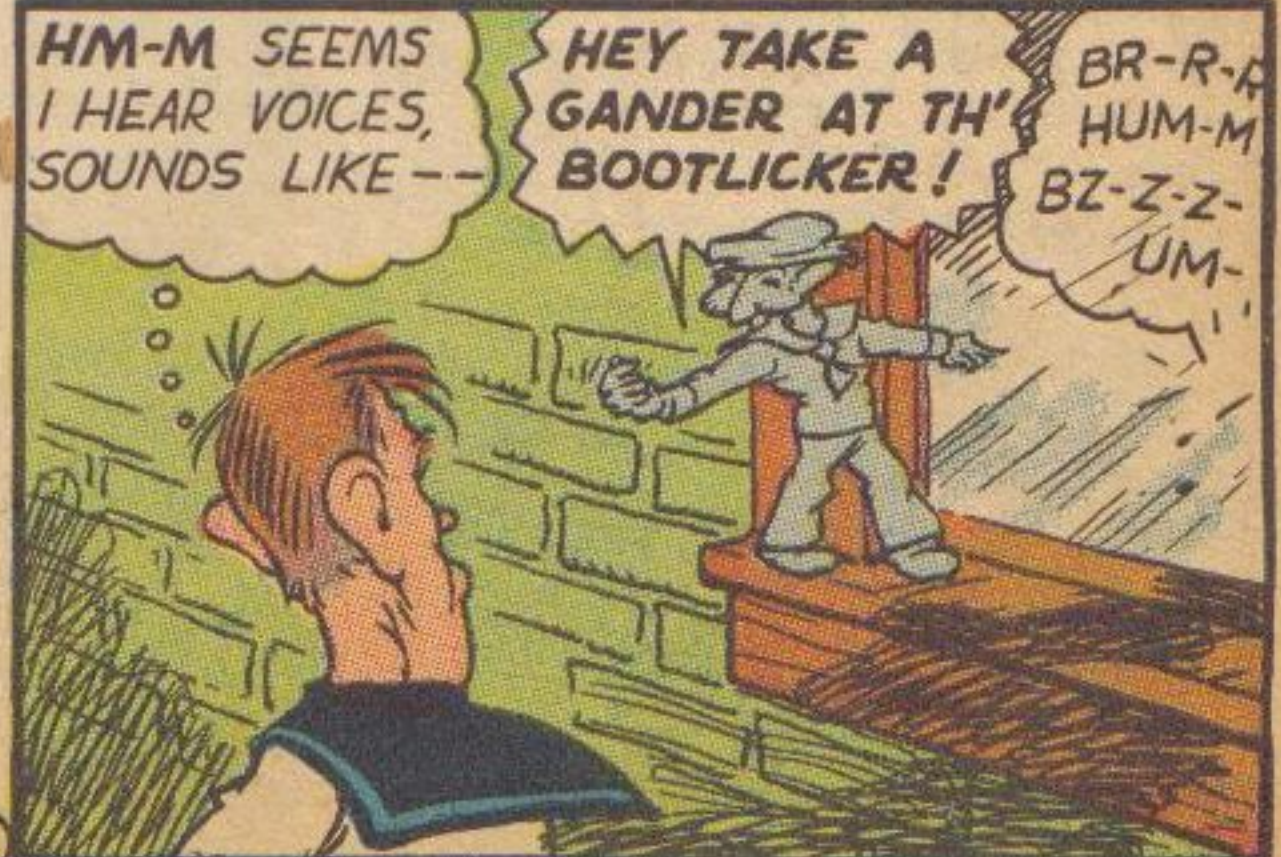
I'LL FOLLOW MY NOSE UNTIL I SMELL FOOD AND THERE HE'LL BE WITH GALS--- HE THINKS HE'S HOT STUFF WITH TH' WIMMEN!



HM-M SEEMS I HEAR VOICES, SOUNDS LIKE--

HEY TAKE A GANDER AT TH' BOOTLICKER!

BR-R-R HUM-M BZ-Z-Z-UM-





THERE HE IS - HANDIN' OUT
TH' BILGE TO A BUNCH
OF GOLD BRAIDS



- AND GENTLEMEN, AS I NECK REINED
MY SEA GOIN' "BLUE BOLT" ROUND
FOR A DIRECT SHOT I TOLD MY MAN
JASPER ----



HE'S GONNA RUN DOWN SOON
AND COME OUTA THERE -
THEN - - - - - !! - - - - -

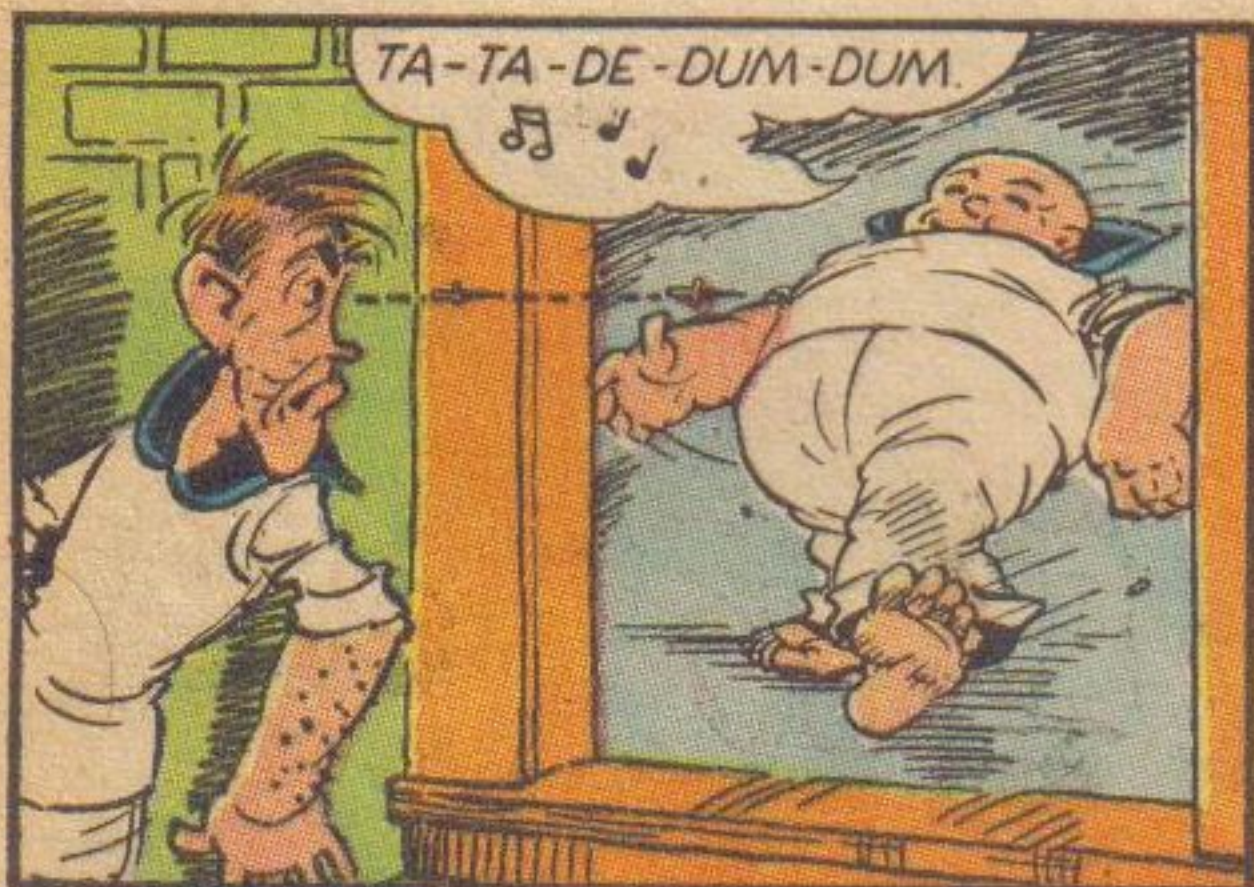
KRISCO
PREPARES
TO TAKE
HIS LEAVE

HE'S
COMIN'!



YOU'VE MADE YOURSELF OUT AS
ONE OF OUR GREAT HEROES-NOW
GET UNDER WAY WITH YOUR
"BLUE BOLT" AND DO SOME
MORE DAMAGE TO THE ENEMY.

I-I-SIR!



TA-TA-DE-DUM-DUM.



COME TO POPPA SONNY!
YOU'RE GOIN' TO TH' WOODSHED
PRONTO!



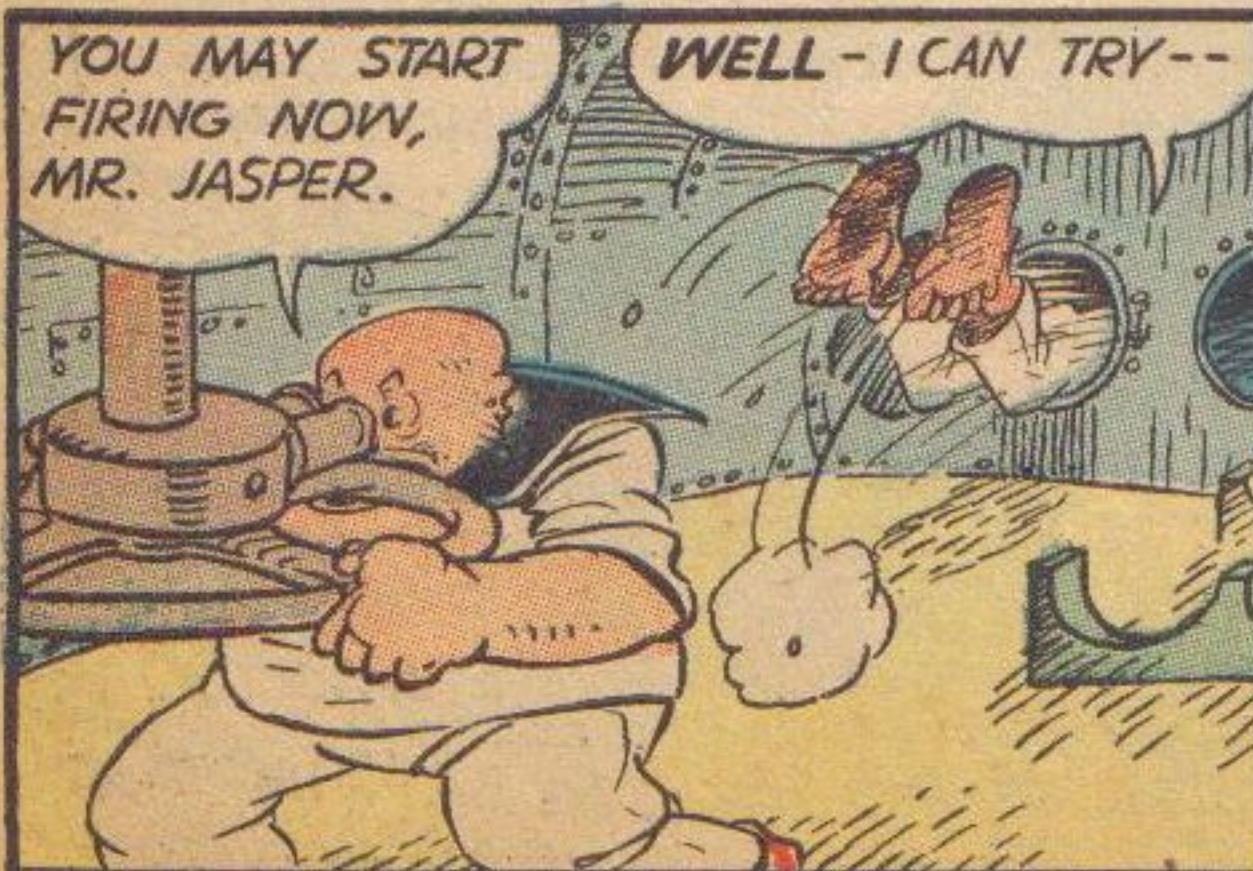
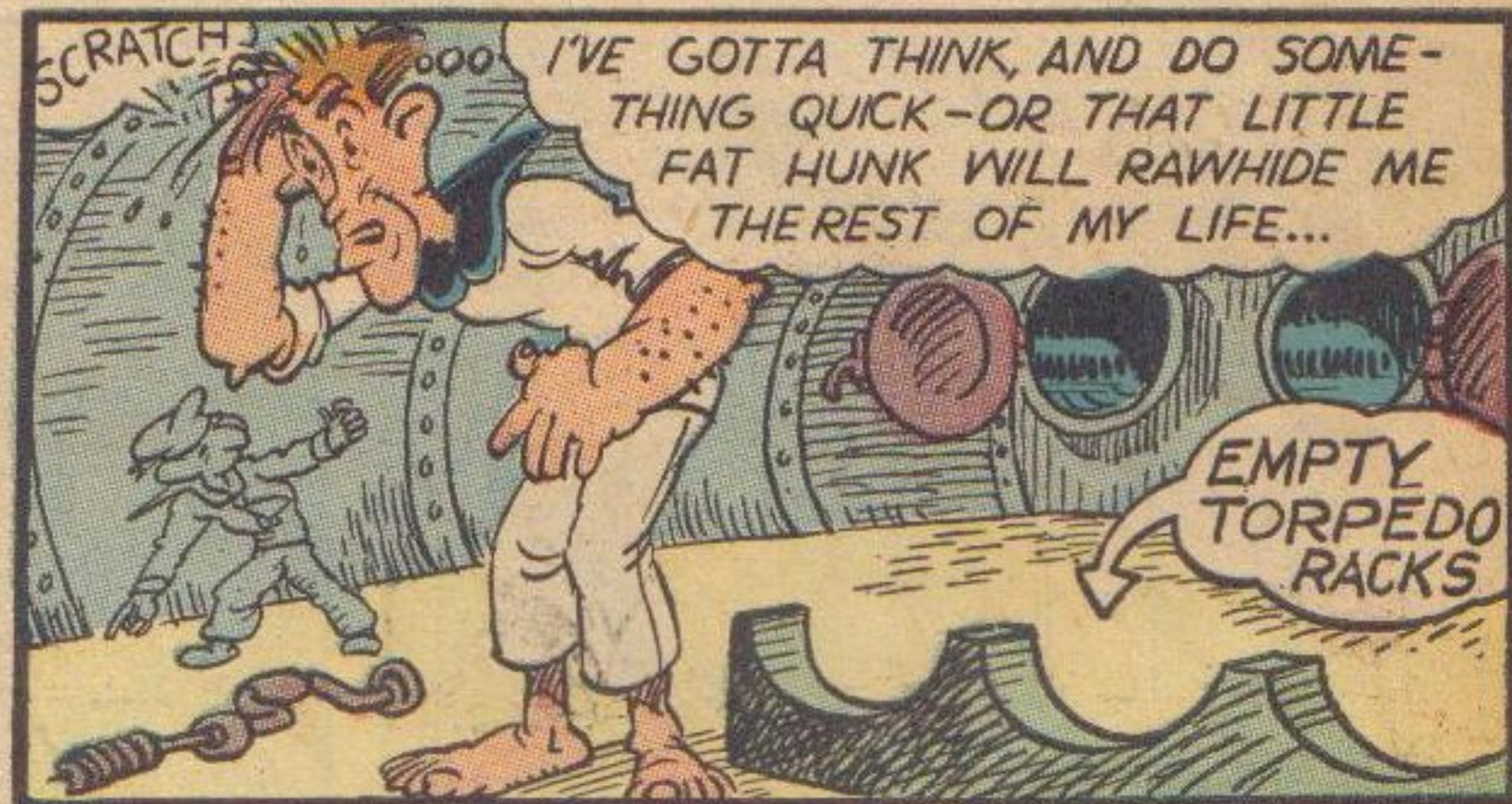
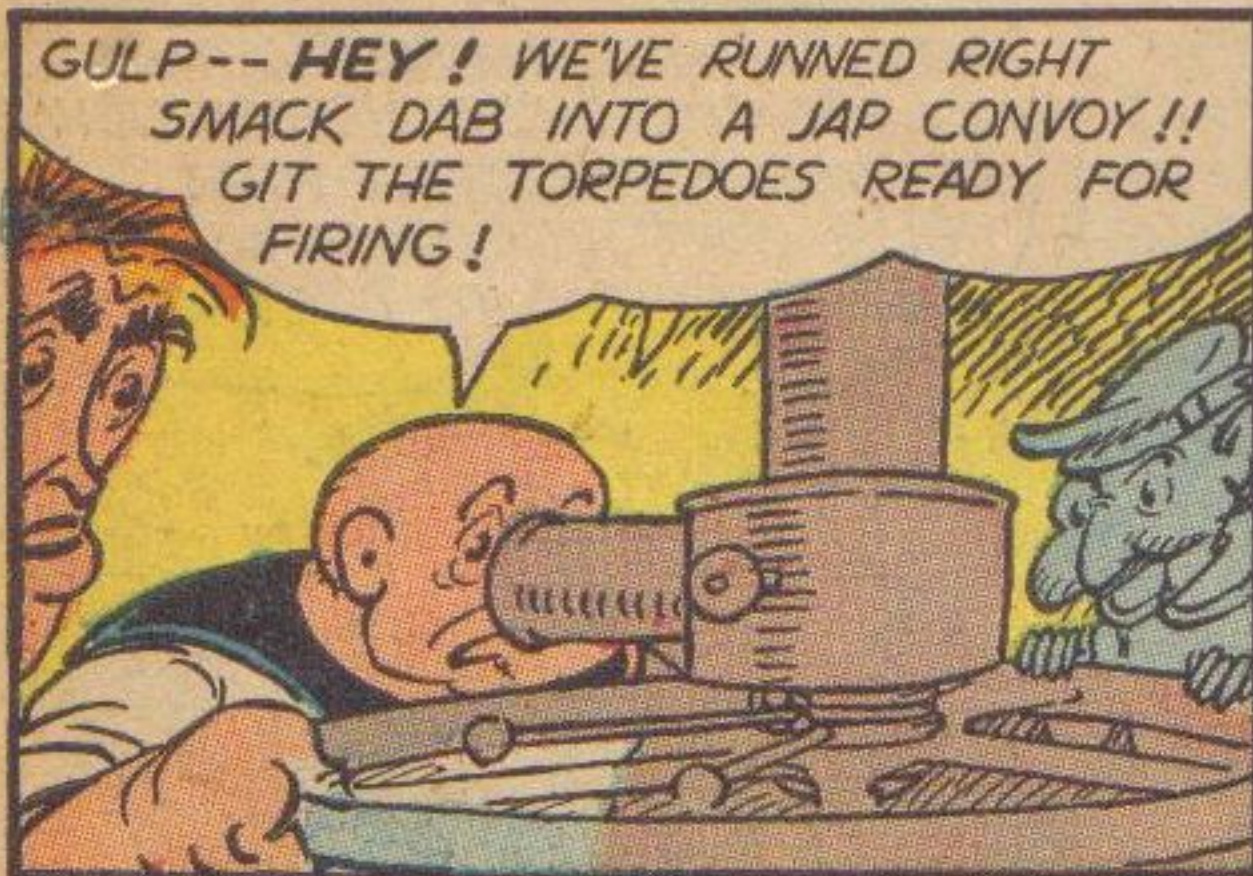
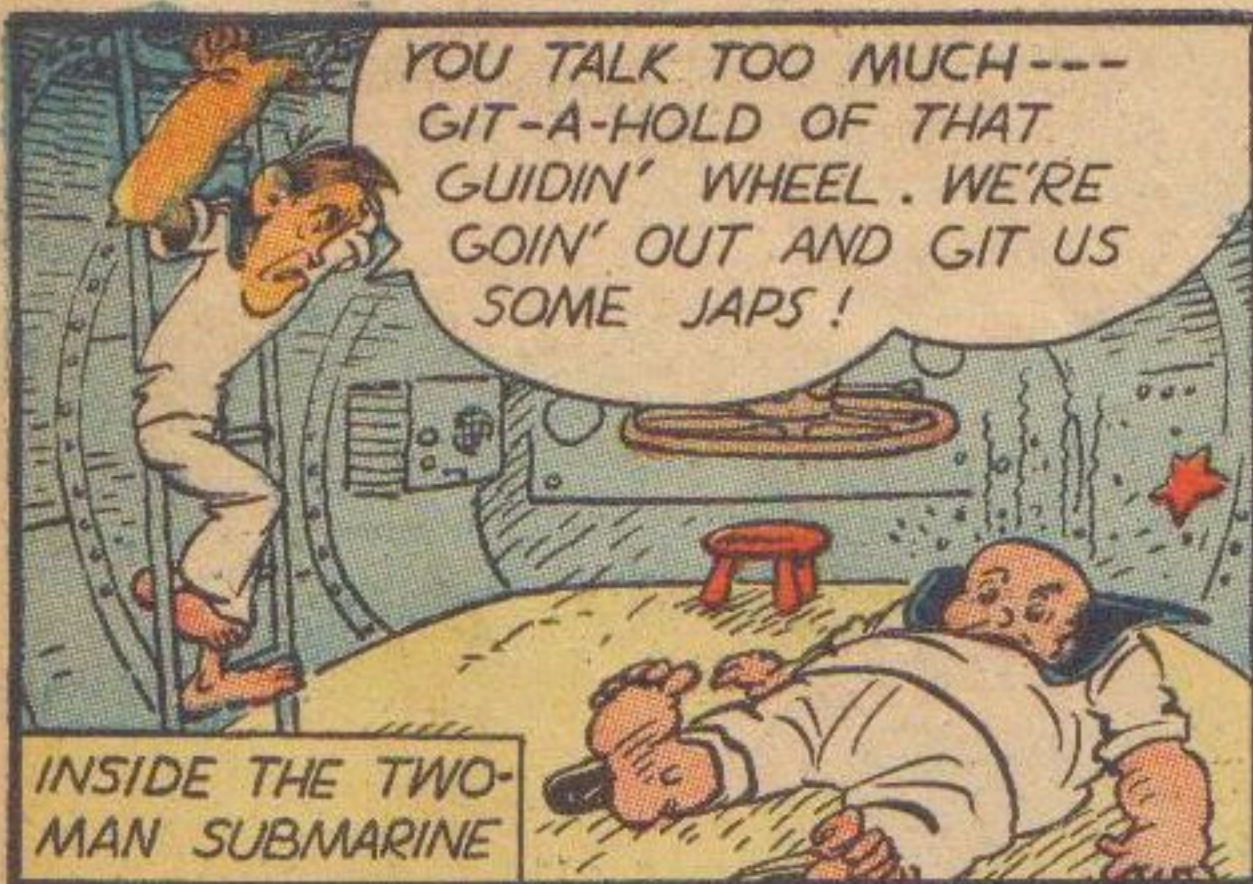
ALL I WAS
A-DOIN' WAS
TELLIN' TH'
ADMIRAL! - - -

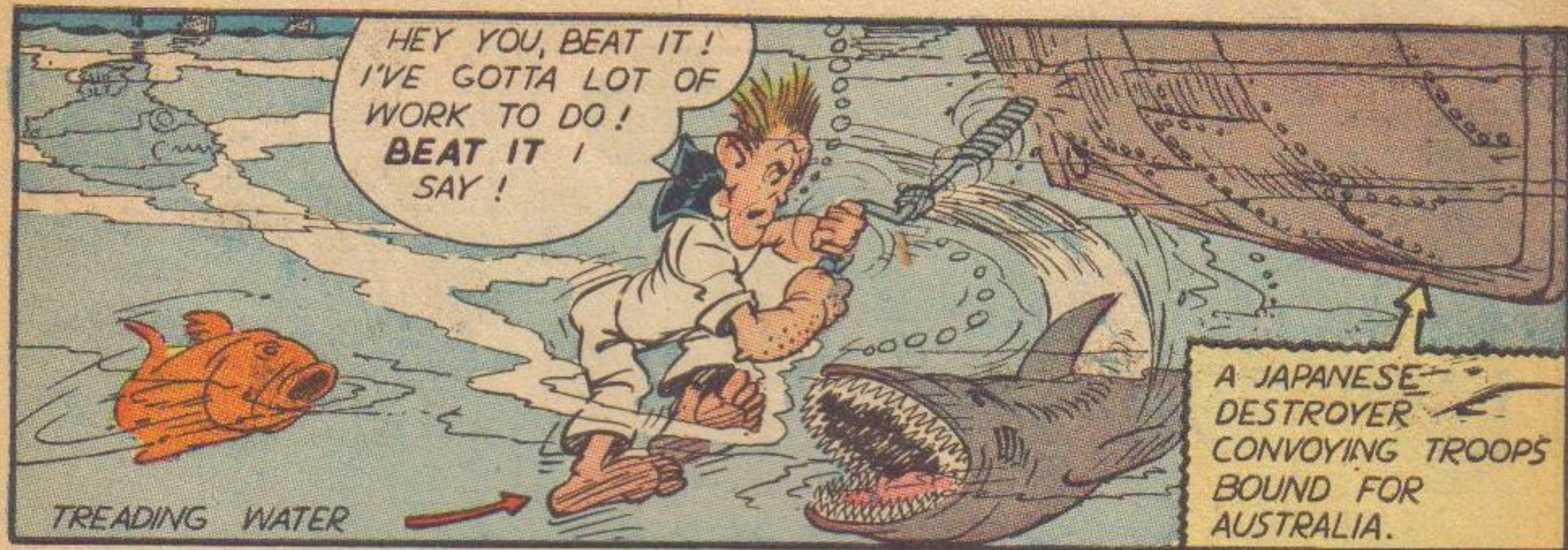
AW SHUT
UP!



ALWAYS TH' BIG SHOT AIN'T
YOU? "MY MAN JASPER"
HUMPH!!

BLUE
BOLT

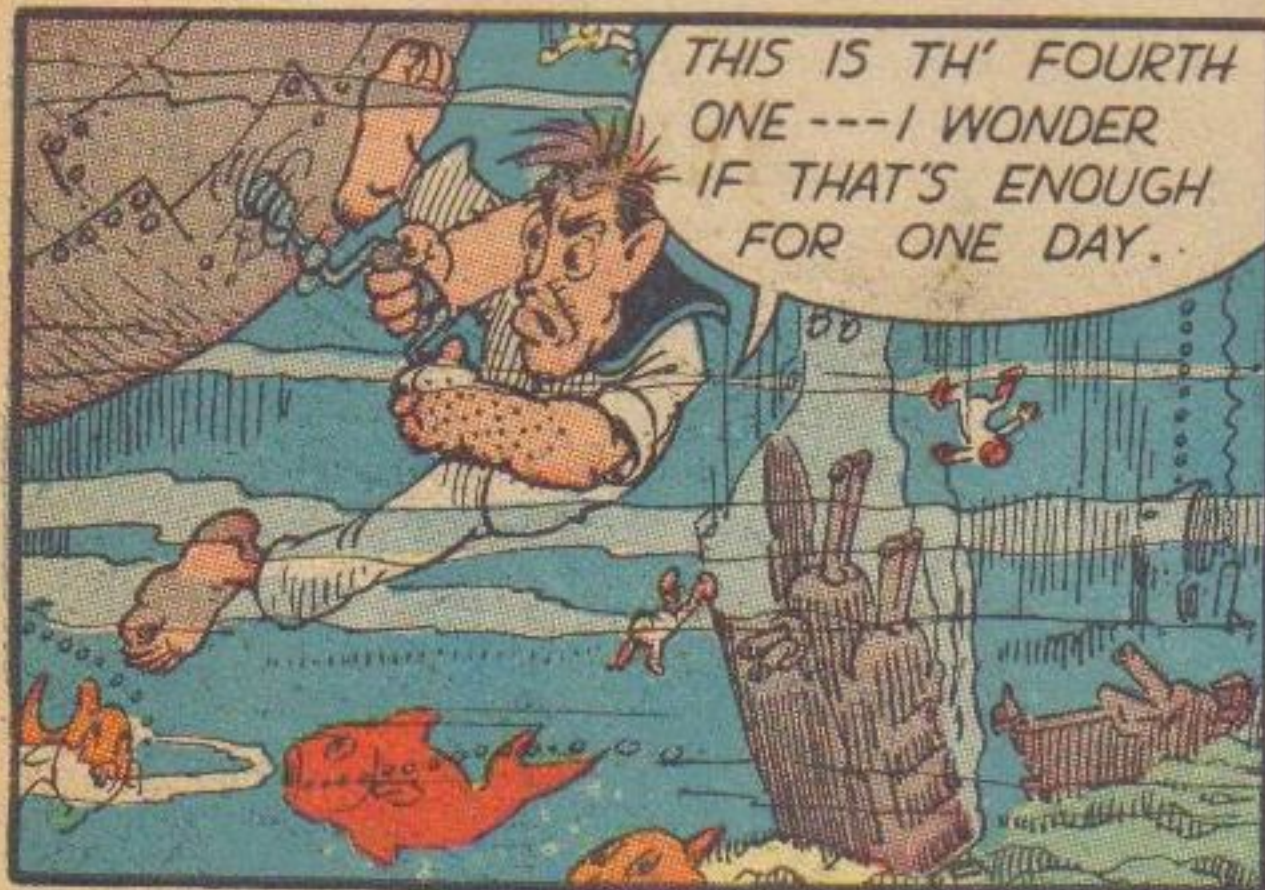




HEY YOU, BEAT IT!
I'VE GOTTA LOT OF
WORK TO DO!
BEAT IT!
SAY!

A JAPANESE
DESTROYER
CONVOYING TROOPS
BOUND FOR
AUSTRALIA.

TREADING WATER



THIS IS TH' FOURTH
ONE --- I WONDER
IF THAT'S ENOUGH
FOR ONE DAY.



WHAT TH'-- **SAY**, WHERE
DID YOU COME FROM?
DAH-GONE-IT YOU YALLER
JACKETS IS THICKER'N
FLIES ON A
HONEY CAKE!



YOU VARMIT'S IS GITTIN' IN MY HAIR!

POW



HEY KRISCO, OPEN
UP TH' HATCH!
I WANNA COME
IN-- IT'S COLD
AND WET
OUT HERE.

KNOCK
KNOCK

BLUE
BOLT



GOSH, HE
DOESN'T
KNOW
I'VE SUNK
FOUR NIP
BOATS!

WHATTA YOU DOIN'
OUT SWIMMIN WHEN
WE'VE WORK TO DO?



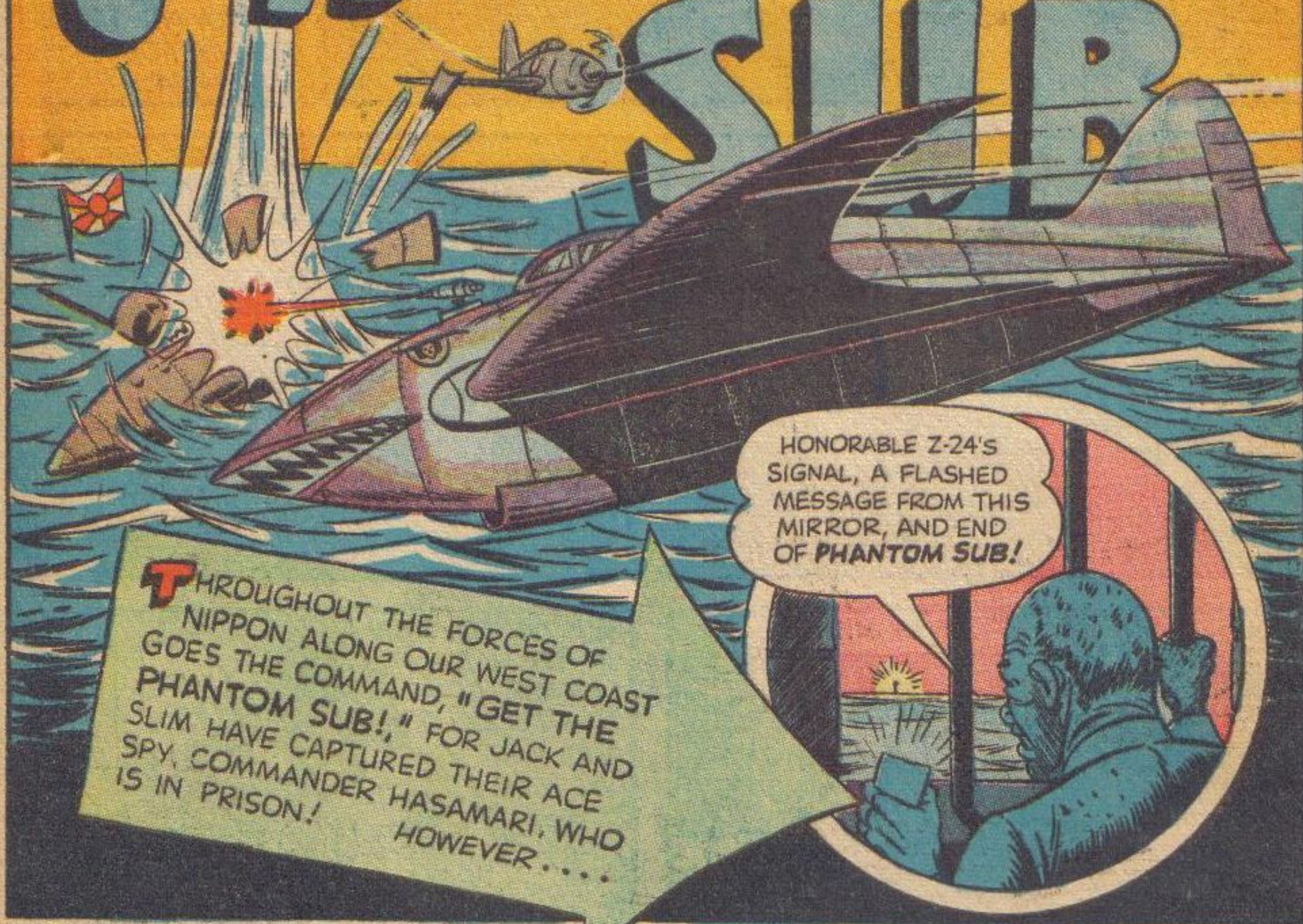
THIS IS
MORE THAN
I CAN STAND!

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
IT'S ALL
ABOUT, BUT
I LIKE IT!

I PIN THIS MEDAL ON
YOU FOR BRAVERY IN
SINKING FOUR
ENEMY SHIPS.

WHO SAID "NO ONE LOVES A FAT MAN"?
THE TWO-MAN SUBMARINE "**BLUE
BOLT**" SAILS ON IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE...

Phantom SUB



THROUGHOUT THE FORCES OF NIPPON ALONG OUR WEST COAST GOES THE COMMAND, "GET THE PHANTOM SUB!" FOR JACK AND SLIM HAVE CAPTURED THEIR ACE SPY, COMMANDER HASAMARI, WHO IS IN PRISON! HOWEVER....

HONORABLE Z-24'S SIGNAL, A FLASHED MESSAGE FROM THIS MIRROR, AND END OF PHANTOM SUB!



WONDER HOW HASAMARI LIKES IT IN JAIL, JACK?

IT'S WHERE HE BELONGS---HEY, SLIM! HE'S FLASHING A MESSAGE FROM HIS WINDOW NOW!



I CAN READ IT! "REPULSION SCREEN ... WILL ... TURN ... ASIDE ... NEW ... P.S.* ... TORPEDO." IF THAT GETS THROUGH TO THE JAPS! --- HMM --- I'LL TELEPHONE NAVAL INTELLIGENCE!



* P.S. = PHANTOM SUB

"CALLING PLANE 42...
FLY TO BASE WITH THIS
MESSAGE FROM HASAMARI
-- REPULSION SCREEN
WILL TURN ASIDE NEW
RS. TORPEDO --
REPEATING ---



HASAMARI SAYS,
"REPULSION SCREEN
WILL TURN ASIDE NEW
RS. TORPEDO." ---



AND, AT THE VERY SAME MOMENT..

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE?-----
HASAMARI JUST HELIOGRAPHED
THE SECRET OF OUR NEW
DIRECTIONAL TORPEDO TO
A SPY ON THE OUTSIDE!
PROBABLY A PLANE WILL
TRY TO FLY THE MESSAGE
OUT! BE ON THE ALERT!
THIS IS JACK ---



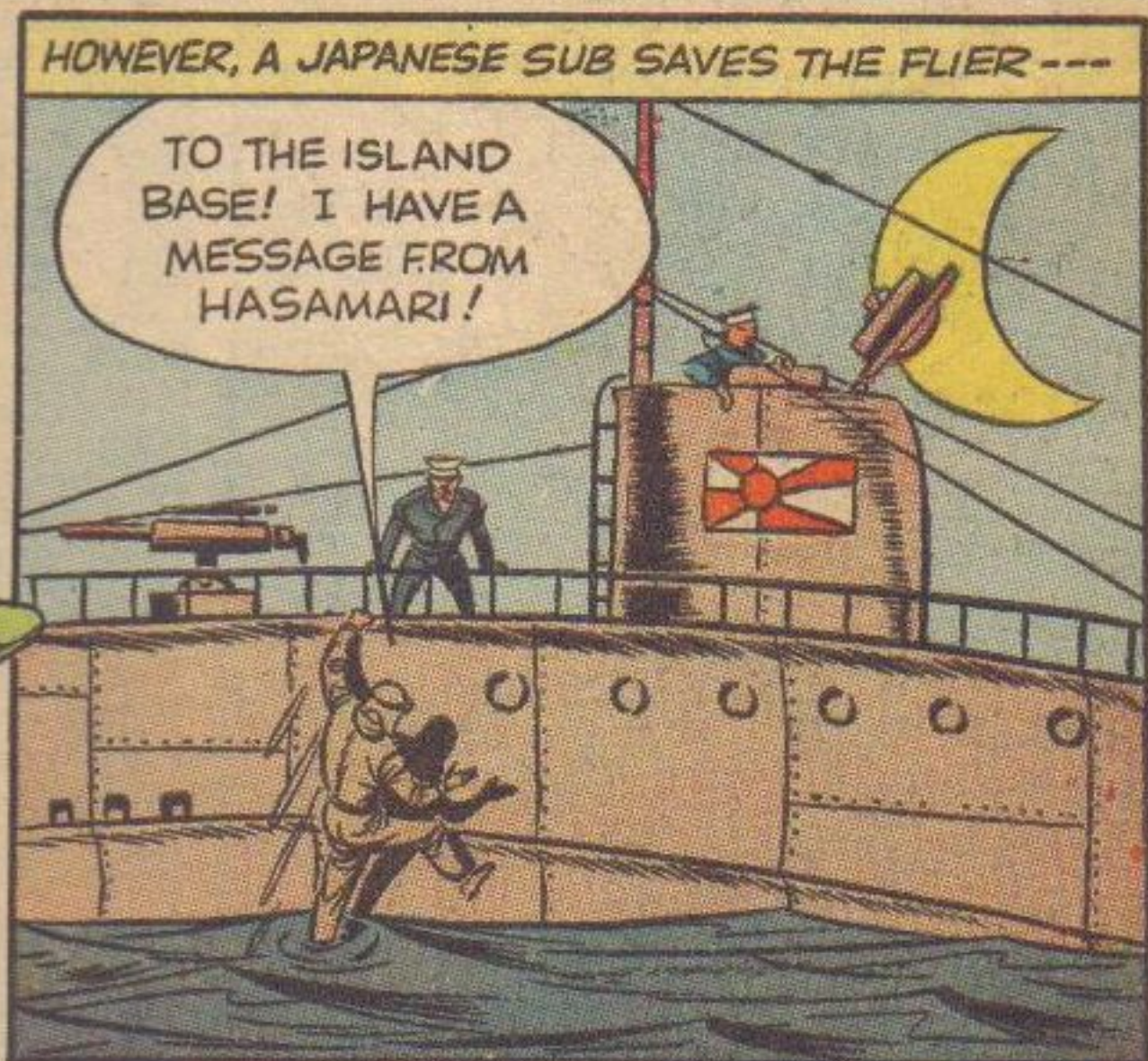
THUS, HALF AN HOUR LATER...

MISSION COMPLETED--
JAP PLANE JUST SHOT
DOWN OVER OCEAN!



HOWEVER, A JAPANESE SUB SAVES THE FLIER ---

TO THE ISLAND
BASE! I HAVE A
MESSAGE FROM
HASAMARI!

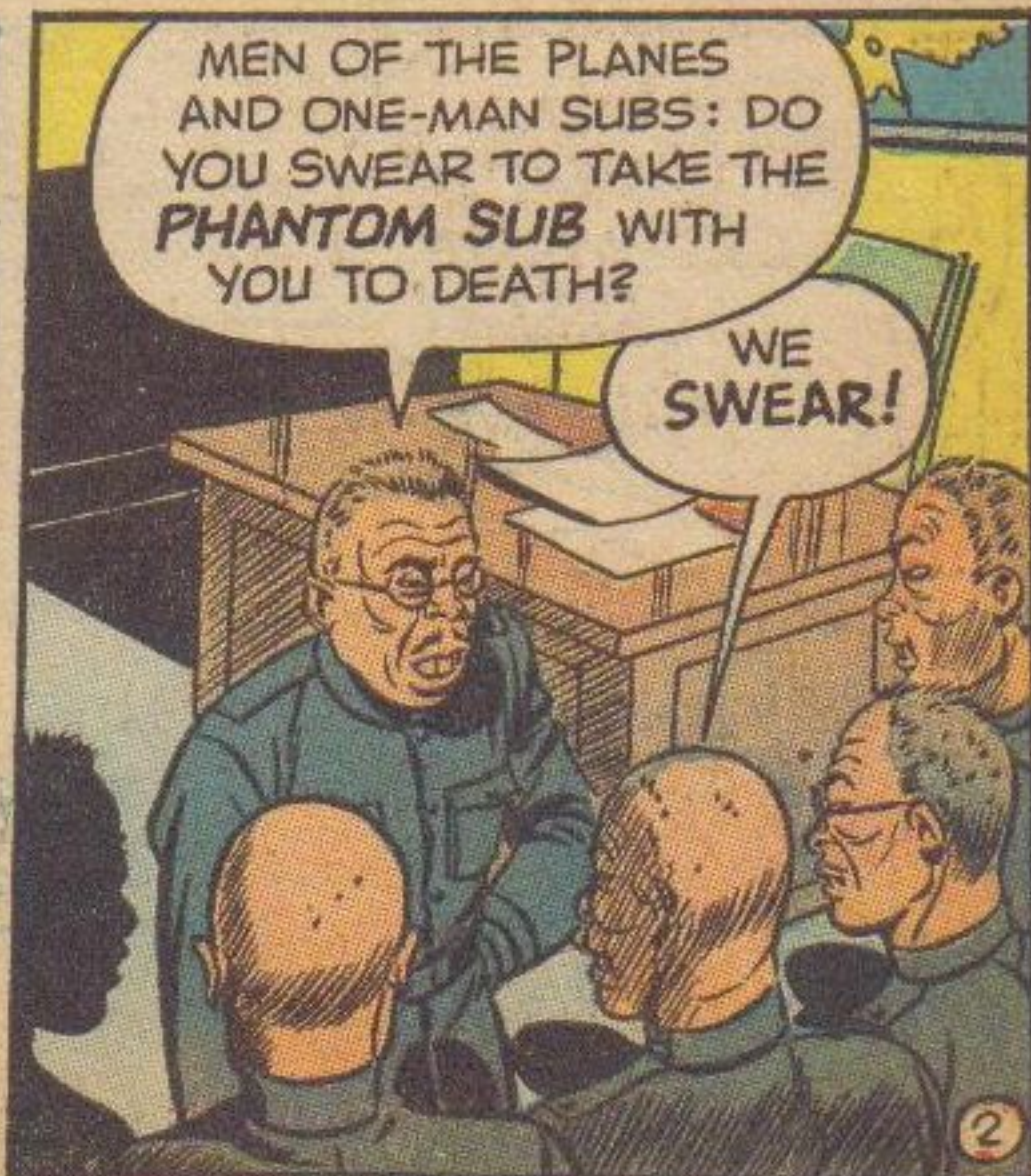


HASAMARI'S MESSAGE REACHES THE SECRET
JAPANESE BASE -- A BASE WITHOUT THE
TELL-TALE RADIO EQUIPMENT THAT WOULD BE EASILY
TRACED. THUS THE REASON FOR RELAYING THE MESSAGE.



MEN OF THE PLANES
AND ONE-MAN SUBS: DO
YOU SWEAR TO TAKE THE
PHANTOM SUB WITH
YOU TO DEATH?

WE
SWEAR!



NEXT DAY, THE PHANTOM SUB IS ON PATROL

GOOD THING THEY SHOT DOWN THAT SPY'S PLANE, JACK!

RIGHT! -- SAY, LOOK! WHAT'S A WHALER DOING THIS FAR NORTH? LET'S TAKE A LOOK, SLIM!

A DOOR IN THE WHALER'S PORT BOW OPENS!

A NEW STUNT! A WHALER CARRYING TINY, ONE-MAN SUBS!

WE'LL SINK 'EM!

SIX TINY SUBS CONVERGE ON THE PHANTOM SUB!

WE'LL FIX THAT! FIRE TWO DIRECTIONAL TORPEDOES!

THOSE TIN FISH'LL SUBTRACT TWO FROM THE JAP SUB FLEET, SLIM!

HEY! LOOK!

THEY'RE ONTO OUR TRICK! THEY'VE GOT A REPULSION SCREEN TO TURN ASIDE THE TORPEDOES' MAGNETIC HEADS! THAT **SPY** GOT THROUGH!

LOOK AT THOSE TORPEDOES CURVE AWAY FROM THE JAP SUBS!

GO, HONORABLE TORPEDO! DEATH TO THE COW-BORN PHANTOM SUB!

ONE OF THOSE SIX IS BOUND TO HIT! SPREAD OUR WINGS, SLIM!

AND HOW, JACK!

THE PHANTOM SUB TAKES TO THE AIR....

BOY! THAT WAS CLOSE!

WOW! LOOK AT THAT!

BRUUM

BOY! TWO OF THOSE TORPEDOES COLLIDED RIGHT WHERE WE WERE, JUST A MOMENT AGO!

WE'D HAVE BEEN HIT TWICE!

REVERSE THE TORPEDO'S ALNICO MAGNETS,* SLIM!

DOING IT NOW, JACK! WILL **THIS** FOOL THE JAPS!

* THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL PERMANENT MAGNET.

SIX TORPEDOES, SIX JAP SUBS!

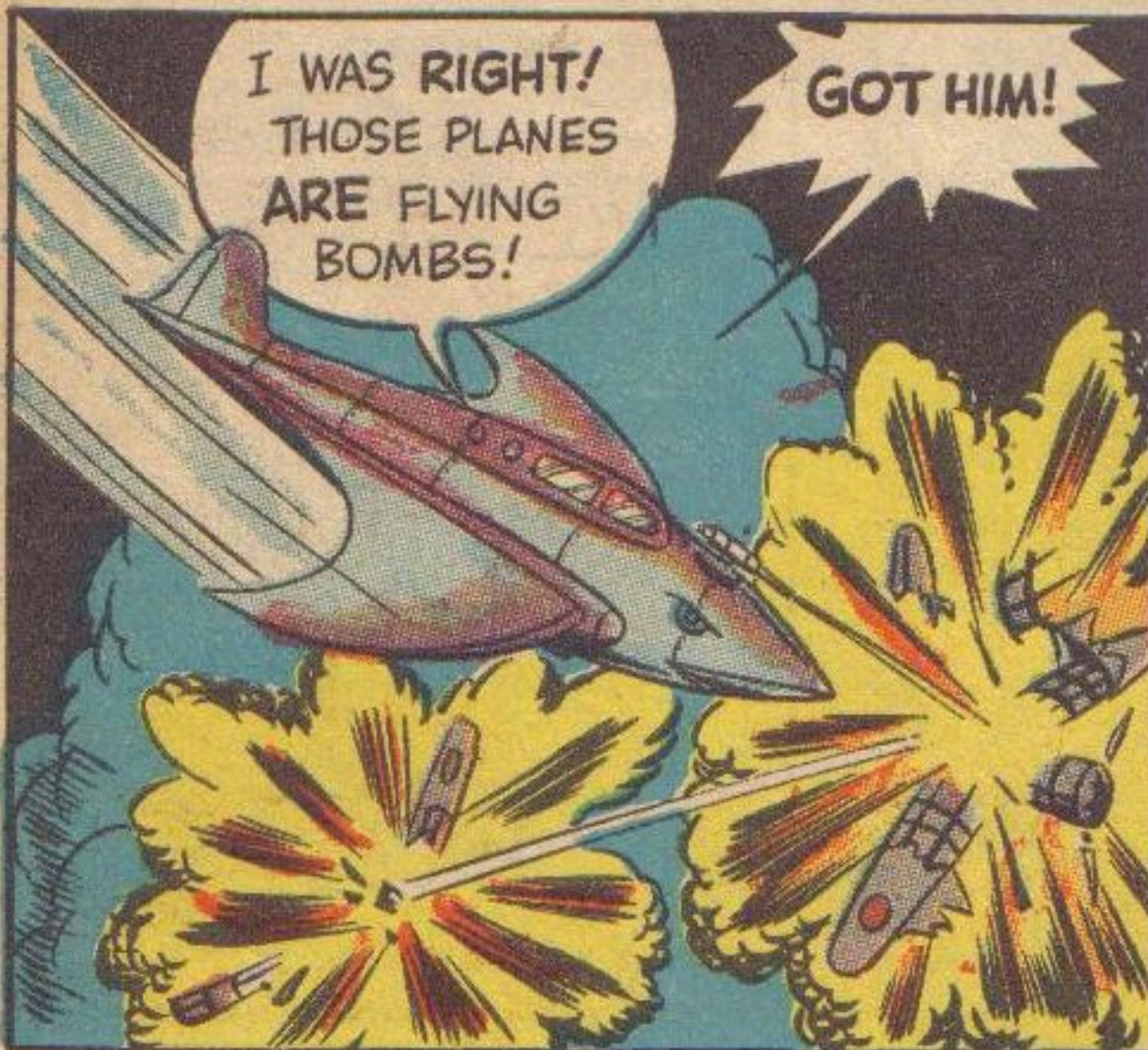
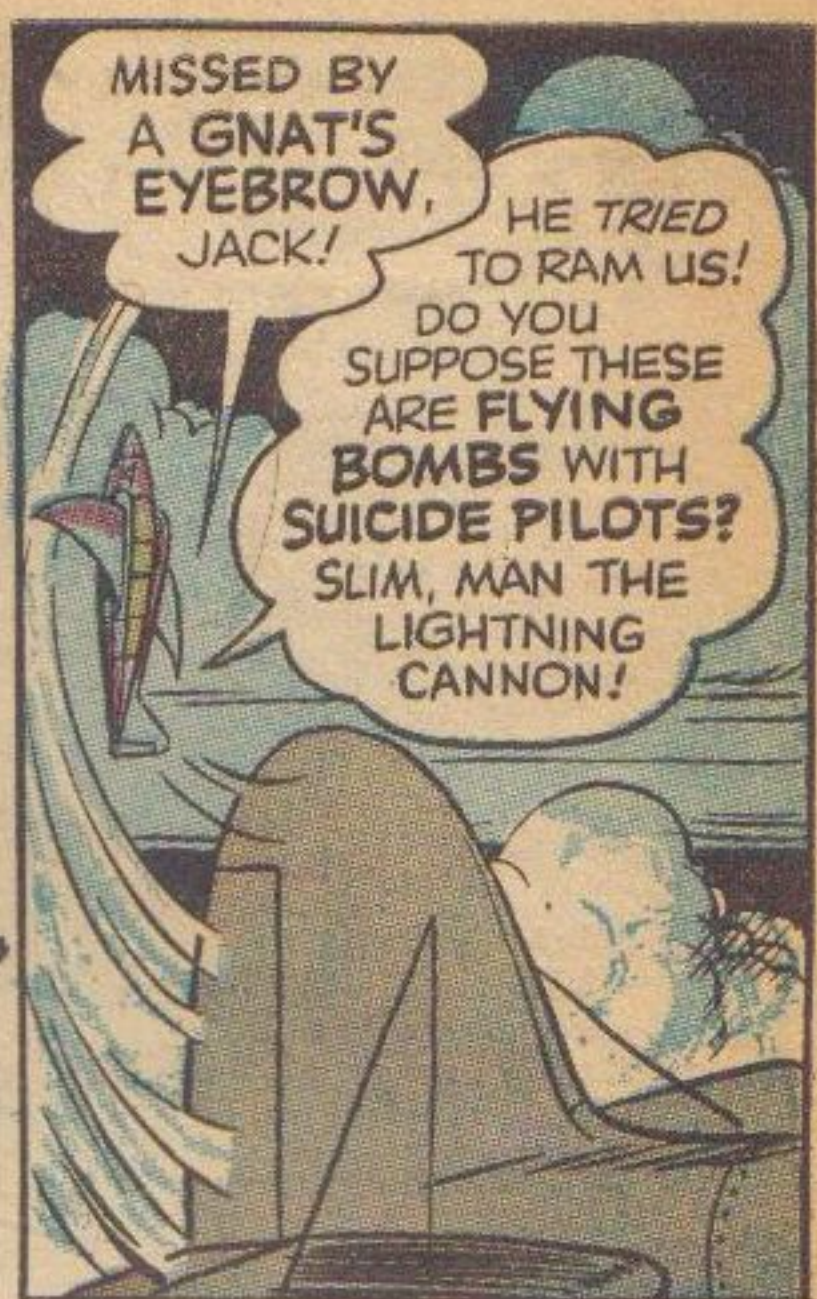
THOSE JAPS DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO! NOW THEIR MAGNETIC SCREENS ATTRACT THOSE TORPEDOES!

SOME JOKE, EH, KEED! HA-HA-HA!

SIX HITS! OUR TROUBLES ARE ALMOST OVER!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! LOOK!

OUT OF THE SUN DROP THREE JAP PLANES!



LOOKS LIKE THE
END, JACK!
SO LONG!

HANG ON!
I'M TAKING A
THOUSAND TO
ONE CHANCE!

GET READY TO
FIRE NUMBER
ONE TUBE!

FIRE!

MISSED!

NO! THE MAGNETIC
HEAD IS DRAWING THE
TORPEDO TOWARD
THE PLANE'S ENGINE!

AS THE TORPEDO'S MAGNETIC
HEAD HITS THE JAP'S ENGINE...

BLAM!

WOW!

NOW FOR
THE FAKE
WHALER
AND WE'LL
CALL IT
A DAY!

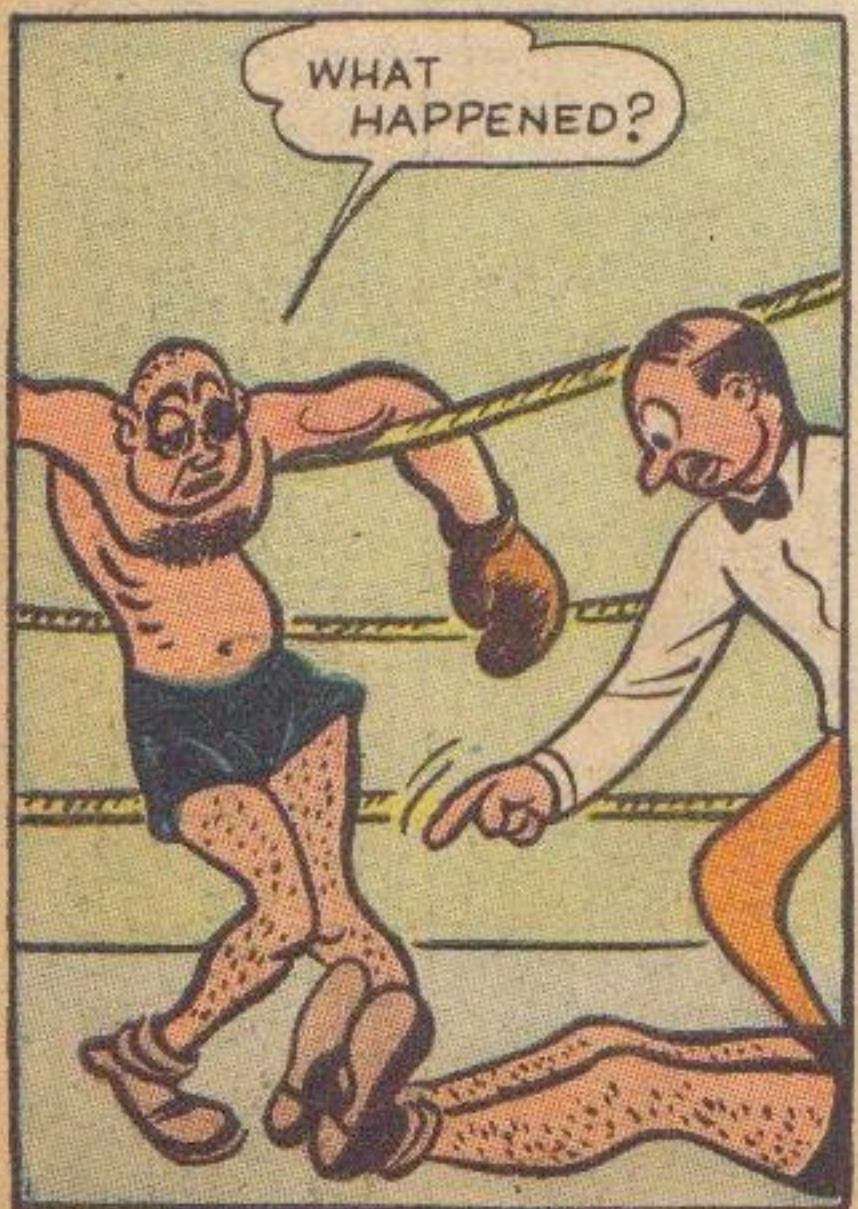
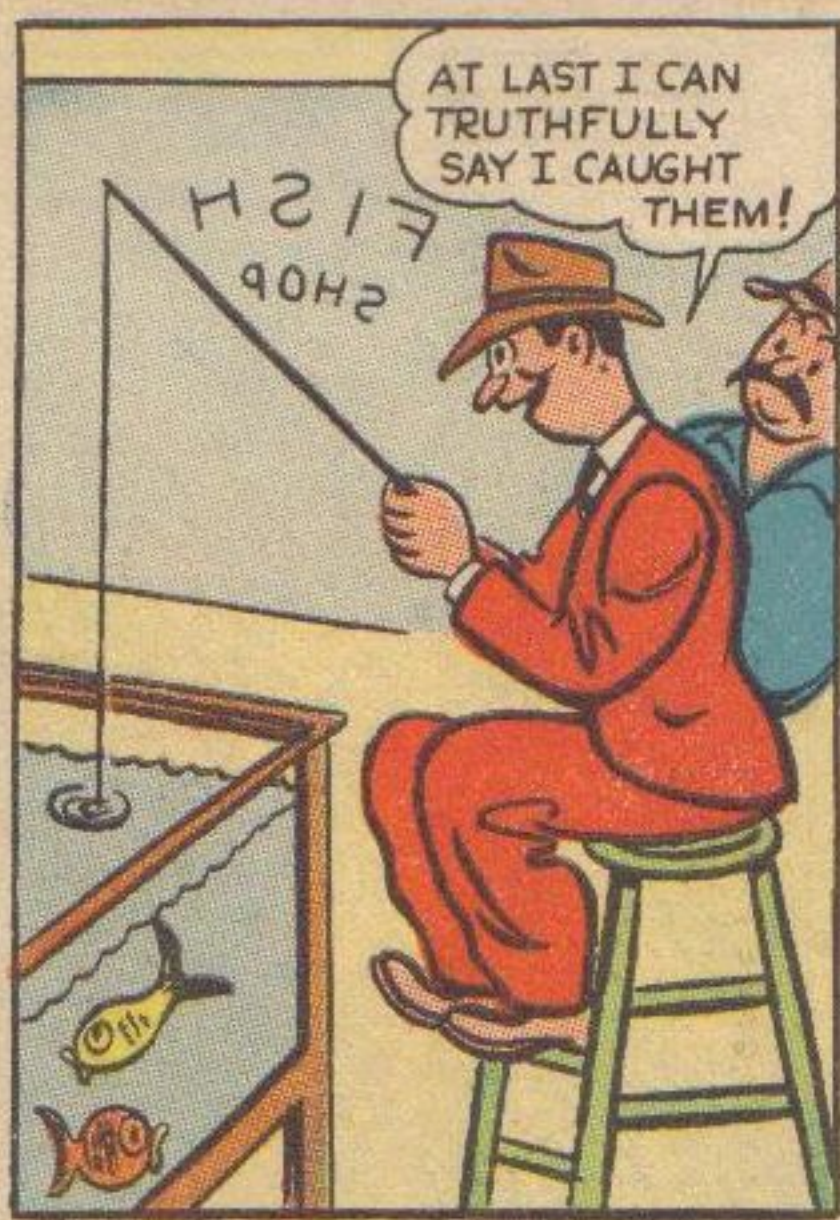
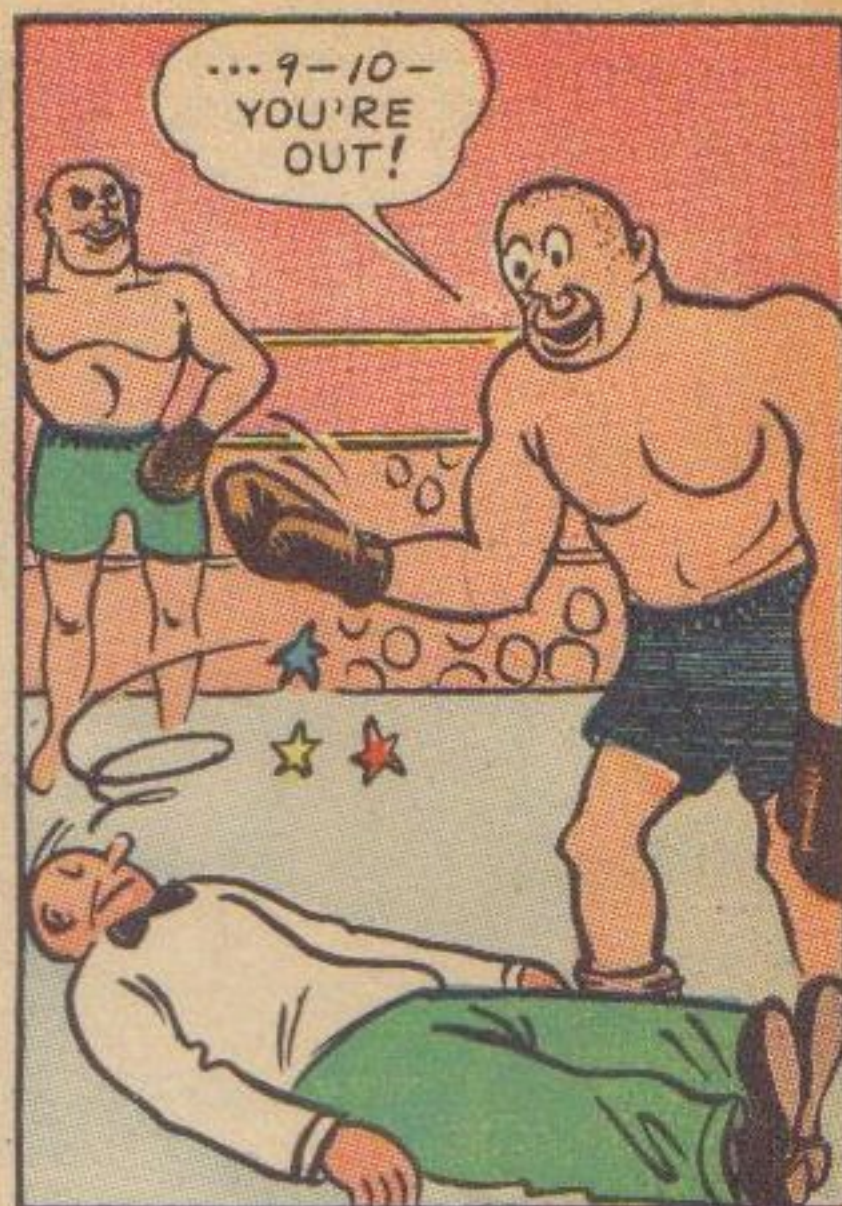
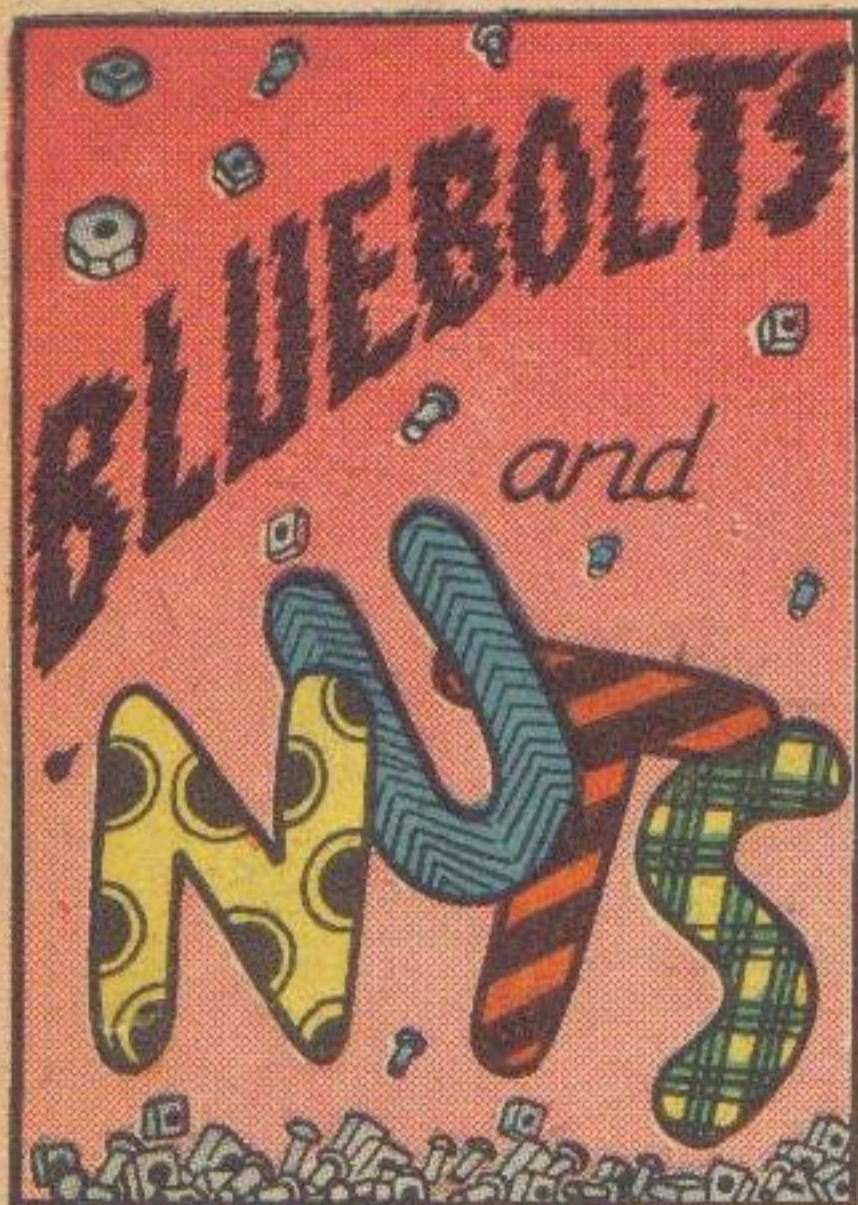
THAT ONE
CAN'T
MISS!

-- AND THAT
WINDS UP
THAT JAP
TRICK!

CHECK!

NEXT
MONTH,
JACK AND
SLIM
SAVE AN
ACE AGENT
OF
INTELLIGENCE

IN
**BLUE
BOLT**
COMICS!



CARRY "PICTURES ON DISPLAY" IN ... FIVE-FOTO FOLDER



Carry photographs of your best friend, your dog, a relative in the armed forces, perhaps one of your camp in the woods, and one of your Scout Patrol.

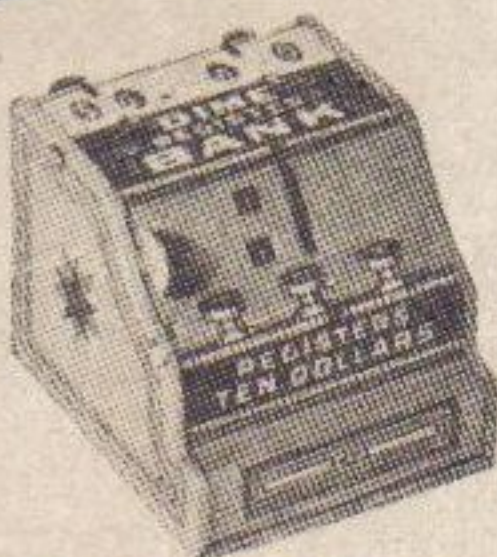
Carry them ready to show anyone at any time . . . all safe inside a handsome genuine calf leather wallet, and each snugly protected by a transparent cellophane pocket window.

And here's a swell extra feature of the folder. Your Initials are Imprinted in Gold!

What else? Plenty! There's a flap pocket for keys, large section for dollar bills, coin pocket, and snap-down flap.

No. MO-165 69c

(Be sure to give initials to be imprinted)



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AUTOMATIC DIME REGISTER BANK unlocks when you save \$10.
No. MO-158 . . . 15c



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RISTLITE is a slick-looking plastic flashlight that you can strap to your wrist, clip on your belt, or hang on the wall. Throws powerful 500-ft. beam. Great for bike-riding after dark or night camping. Comes complete with batteries.

No. MO-202 . 98c



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To play "Chess" on CHECKERS-CHESS GAMEBOARD, you use playing men face up. To play "Checkers," turn them upside down. On reverse side of board play a third game called "Check-Mate." Game board fits your pocket.

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PRINT MESSAGES ON
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Own your own PRINTING PRESS and operate it in your spare time. All-steel construction. 8 inches high. Weight, 2½ lbs. Chase size, 1¾"x3". 100 12-pt. characters with blank slugs for spacing. Rubber roller. Instruction folder, including glossary of printing terms.

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ORDER NOW!)

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Watch 3-ft. PARACHUTE JUMPER drop gradually to earth just like any U. S. Paratrooper.

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Get this fine
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Collect.



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love this FULL
SIZE TOILET &
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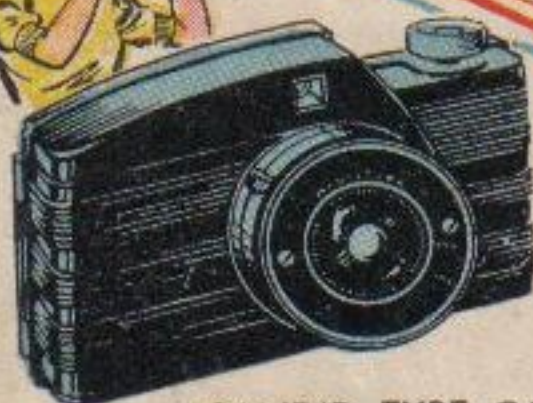


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Boys! Don't miss the
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Electric Game



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NEW
CANDID TYPE CAMERA
Easy to focus, quick in operation.
Given for selling only one order.

U. S. ARMY OUTFIT



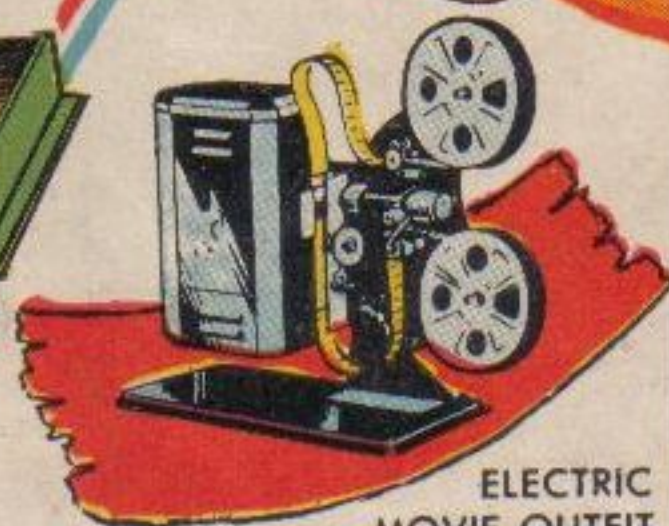
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VICTORY WATCH & FO
Newest type watch w
track dial & red seco
indicator. Sell on
one order.

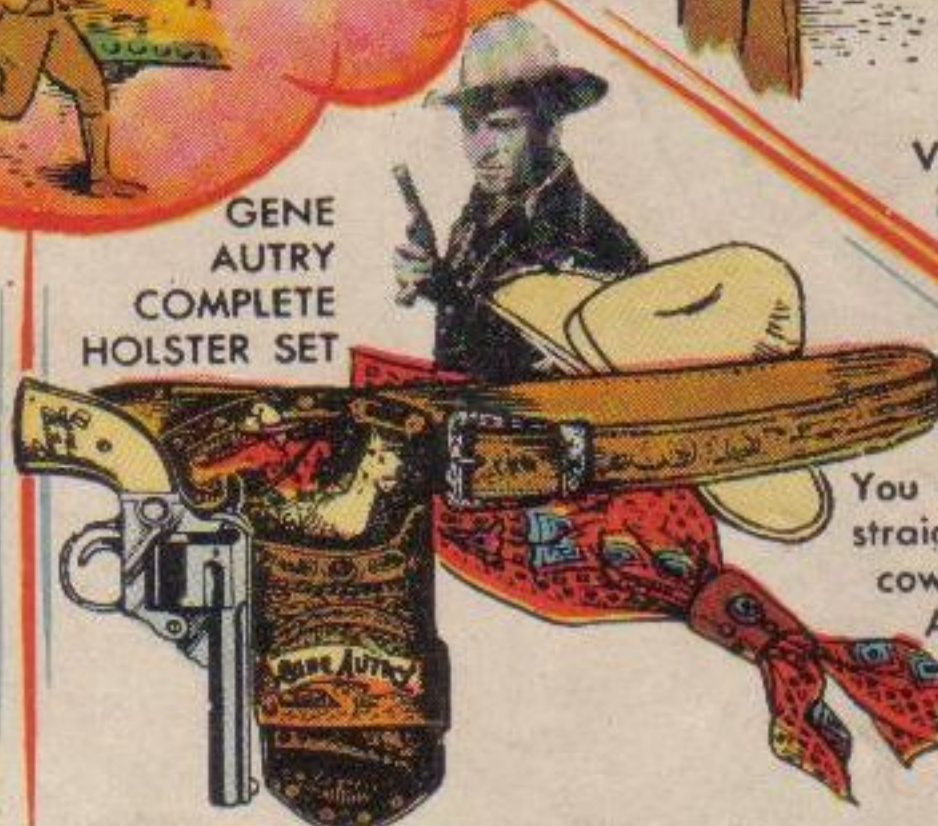


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girls, men & women. Giv-
en for selling only
one order, plus 75c
extra.



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My choice of prize is _____

Name _____

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or R.F.D. Box _____

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State _____